

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Week

THE announcement that the new Administrative Board of the N.R.A. favors a policy of lower prices leading to expanded production in industry, and that it is opposed to the manifold restrictions of output in the codes, will be no news to those who were acquainted with the economists on the Board. This announcement was a wholesome sign, but the question now remains: What is to be done to carry the policy into effect? First, the approval of the President and of the Policy Board, headed by Donald Richberg, must be obtained. Then something must be done about the existing codes—no new ones of any importance remain to be approved. Will organized business consent to abandonment of its newly won legal right to try to fix prices and output? Will it be necessary to employ the authority of the President under the law to modify the codes by executive order? It has been stoutly denied by some of the leading attorneys of business groups, notably by the counsel of the Newspaper Publishers' Association, that the Presi-

dent can constitutionally exercise this power. Assuming that price-fixing and output-limitation provisions can be removed from the codes, either by consent or otherwise, and the naturally competitive industries begin to compete, what is to be done about those that already were sufficiently monopolistic to control prices without the grace of government? Will maximum price fixing by the public have to be resorted to? And what will big business say then? When the President makes the steel producers reduce their prices sufficiently, we shall begin to believe that the N.R.A. can work.

ONE instance of price fixing gone awry is that of the Petroleum Code. Here, if anywhere, limitation of output and maintenance of retail prices was justified, in order to conserve a wasting and limited natural resource of the utmost importance. Yet just here it fails to work. "Hot oil," in excess of quotas, has been pouring out of the ground, in spite of all efforts at enforcement. Now a retail price war to the death between the large companies and independents has broken out in New Jersey, and shows signs of spreading. The Petroleum Code is at best a makeshift, in spite of its desirable features; it makes almost no attack on the technical wastes of extraction and distribution, but is aimed at conservation only indirectly, through maintaining a high enough price to bring profit to the oil business—even to the more inefficient units. But competitive business simply refuses to be regulated, even for its own ultimate good. Why should the nation be so reluctant to confiscate private property in an essential national resource which insists upon acting in such a way as to confiscate itself? We predict that no satisfactory management of petroleum—from the point of view of the public good—will be achieved unless the public owns the oil reserves and extracts them according to a rational plan.

EVER since the effort at recovery began under Hoover, there has been a tendency to be annoyed at the bankers because they were not extending credit to private industry. Now there is a distinct effort on the part of Mr. Roosevelt to conciliate the bankers so that they will lend, and news that the lords of finance are at last so placated that they are ready to loosen the purse strings is supposed to be bullish. From the first, however, we have contended that

there must be, not only willing lenders, but borrowers with a prospect of sales and profits, if credit was to expand. And we doubted whether there were many business enterprises ready to make use of the money in expanded production. This remark we made, for instance, on the occasion when the Federal Reserve Banks were instructed by Congress to make direct loans to business for sound purposes if the concerns in question could not be accommodated by the commercial banks. Recently the Federal Reserve reported that between June 19, the date of the passage of the act, and September 12, about 2,800 applications for industrial loans had been received, and of these, 1,300 had been rejected for good reason. On applications approved, \$8,500,000 had been authorized. The microscopic size of this amount in relation to the magnitude of expansion needed for recovery indicates that there is something the matter besides lack of credit, even supposing the authorities were too strict in their lending policy. We doubt if a mere change of bankers' sentiment toward the administration would lead us out of the wilderness.

DISTURBING reports come from Washington that the Treasury Department is about to resume the tapping of telephone wires in its efforts to capture "drug peddlers, smugglers and bootleggers." Secretary Morgenthau has repudiated an alleged specific order to this effect, but he did not repudiate the method, and said merely that law-enforcement agents did not propose to be "sissies," that vigorous methods are required and will be used. Probably the off-hand reaction of the average decent citizen is that almost any method used against drug peddlers is legitimate; but the matter is not so simple as that. There can be no doubt that if telephones had existed when the Bill of Rights was written, tapping wires would have been prohibited along with invasion of "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures." We know by the bitter experience of several recent administrations that when government agents begin by tapping the wires of criminals, they speedily go on to the same action against political opponents. Mr. Morgenthau may well be referred to the words of former Justice Holmes, who spoke of wire tapping as "dirty business" and added, "I think it a less evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part."

THE waves set in motion by the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia have not yet subsided. A communiqué simultaneously issued by the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente, which places moral responsibility for the murder of the Serbian monarch on the nations "hostile to the succession states," has not served to put either Italy or Hungary in a friendlier mood. This was probably exactly what the states of Southeastern Europe intended. Yugoslavia's demand that Hungary deport the terrorists

residing within her borders and arrest those suspected of complicity in the Marseilles plot has elicited only promises from Budapest, none of which has yet been fulfilled. Europe is on edge with nervous tension and war talk will not down. Yet we still believe that probably nothing will come of it. The risks of a war which, once started, would again encompass the civilized world with consequences no one dares to envisage are too great to be accepted lightly. Neither Italy nor Yugoslavia is prepared to gamble with the gains of the last war for the very problematic advantages that might result from another. Hungary would have no objections to war at the side of its new German friend and ally were it but strong enough and Germany rich enough to assume a part of the burden. But they are not.

DR. Hjalmar Schacht who, in his dual capacity as Reichsbank President and Minister of Economics is virtually the economic dictator of the Third Reich, delivered a sensational address before the directors of the Reichsbank last week. It seems to have been ignored by the American correspondents, but in effect his speech was a sharp disavowal of all "economic theorizing," especially when it is based on the conception that "we can dismiss as reactionary experiences gathered in the past. At a time like ours, it is not fitting to set up theoretical economic edifices." This is not, Dr. Schacht was careful to explain, a denial of National Socialism. "National Socialism recognizes only acts, not plans. We shall not let ourselves be guided by vague theories but only by the vital practical interest of our people. . . ."

THIS declaration by the mighty man of Nazi finance is plainly a repudiation of the fundamental economic theories propounded in the Nazi Program of Twenty-five Points and recently put forward again with a great deal of emphasis by Gottfried Feder, who was, until Hitler's appointment to the Chancellorship seemed to demand the adoption of a more practical point of view, the recognized economist of the National Socialist movement. Dr. Feder recently emerged from his retirement with a decidedly critical article, published only by the more radical of the Nazi newspapers, in which he renewed his demand for abolition of "interest bondage" and called on the government to order the reduction of the Reichsbank discount rate and a general lowering of bank and mortgage interest. Germany's economy, Feder stated, is more than ever dominated by high financiers who "hold the middle-class tradesman and craftsman in a state of interest thralldom, since, under present conditions, his efforts are still concentrated on the hopeless task of meeting his interest obligations." It is this conception of National Socialist economics, a conception that still has a strong following in Nazidom, which Dr. Schacht so emphatically relegates to political fantasy as having no place in a world concerned with serious affairs. One gains the impres-

sion that again all is not as it should be in the rarified atmosphere about the Führer.

SOME interesting figures on German foreign trade have been reported recently by the Second International. These figures tend to show that the present German exchange difficulty is not wholly the result either of the Jewish boycott or of the depression. If the figures are correct, they indicate clearly that the pressure of commercially useless imports has been in large part responsible for the adverse exchange position in which Germany finds herself. Imports of the following materials have increased in the first half of 1934 over the corresponding period in 1933 by the amounts shown (in millions of Reichsmarks):

	1933	1934
Raw Wool	138	245
Hides	37	57
Oil	58	65
Iron Ore	28	39
Copper	47	68
Tin	13	22

These are one and all basic materials of modern war. In the present depressed state of German heavy industry such important increases in the importation of war commodities (in the face of a paralysis of exports) give statistical evidence to the often repeated, and apparently justified, charge that Germany is preparing herself for war.

AGAIN and again complaints have come from the civil-service workers of the Post Office of the willful abuse of labor. Instead of putting into practice the supposed principles of the New Deal and thereby setting an example for private industry, Postmaster General Farley has stubbornly repudiated these principles. While the President called for re-employment, shorter hours and higher wages, Farley laid off substitutes who had been waiting, in some cases as long as seven years, for regular appointments, furloughed regular workers without pay, used the speed-up and the stretch-out and paid starvation wages to those substitutes who remained, adding the kind hint that they could seek aid from relief agencies. Now, on top of these abuses comes intimidation. In St. Louis, because he wrote a letter to the press protesting against Post Office conditions, a substitute has been given 700 demerits (enough for dismissal) for (1) disloyalty to the service, (2) "display of antagonism" and (3) commission of "an offense involving moral turpitude." In New York, another substitute has been arraigned for dismissal on similar charges because he distributed printed postcards protesting against the discharge in St. Louis; and a third is on probation because he protested against insanitary working conditions. The National Association of Substitute Post Office Employees, of which these men are active members, maintains that this is part of a concerted effort to wreck it.

THERE is also another possible explanation. It is being widely rumored, inside and outside the Post Office, that Mr. Farley is systematically at work weeding out Republicans to make room for deserving Democrats on the substitute lists of the Department. Such a move, of course would not be new in Post Office history; all that is surprising is that it should be delayed so long. The Civil Service Commission may be responsible for that, or possibly it would have been politically unwise to have acted earlier, for Mr. Farley's excuse of getting rid of the Republican appointees was economy. What his excuse is for the employment of these new men remains to be heard. It could not be simply that the volume of mail has increased, for if so, why not re-employ experienced men, or if he had to take in new men, why not those who had taken civil-service examinations? Why not appoint more substitutes to regular positions, particularly when many of the substitutes have been waiting as long as seven years? If his answer to the last question is that help is only needed during the peak period—that is, for an hour or two during the evening—why do these new political appointees put in as much as eight hours a day, as they are said to do?

IT IS becoming a nice social problem in San Francisco what appreciative token to present the National Guardsmen in remembrance of their services during the unfortunate strike experiences of the summer. With a delicate sense of tact, the committee collecting the money for the intended remembrance has limited contributions to \$25 per rememberer, or should we say per beneficiary? To permit the gift of larger sums would clearly be much too crude. But even though each gift is small, our business acumen makes us wonder if a donor can enter it, small as it is, against his income tax. It could hardly be entered as a charity, that would be to insult the Guard. But on the committee you find such gentlemen as Admiral W. C. Cole (who divides his time between the remembrance committee and his duties as impartial arbiter between the Market Street Railway and its lately struck employees), General Hunter Liggett, a sprinkling of members of the Family, Argonaut, Bohemian and Pacific Union Clubs, a director of the Wells Fargo Bank, a vice-president of the West Coast Life Insurance Company, a director of the American Trust Company, another of the San Francisco Bank. So we are almost prepared to assure these gentlemen that any gift to the California National Guard can be entered on their income tax as an operating expense necessarily incident to their business. But this unfortunately does not solve the problem of what little token is to go to the individual guardsman. Cash money would hardly do. A silver loving cup with an engraved picture of the Embarcadero and Rincon Hill in the background would be nice, or perhaps a medal with some appropriate legend, *Pro Patria Pecuniae* or something like that. Yet in these things restraint and a delicate simplicity are always to be

preferred. We suggest that the committee present little emblems to be worn on the lapel, of gold, of course, out of respect to Californian tradition, in the form of an artistically modeled swastika.

DAVID LAWRENCE, publisher of The United States News, has been attacking the Roosevelt administration on the ground that in political philosophy and practice it is much too far to the left. This is unexceptionable; there is no necessity to agree with Mr. Lawrence to accord him the right to attack any kind of politics he wants. But before so doing Mr. Lawrence attempted to acquire some new and strange friends. On August 6, 1934, he published a full-page editorial denouncing the deal for a power plant and distributing system at Knoxville between the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Tennessee Public Service Company, on the ground that federal funds had been used to intimidate the power company. There were a number of errors in the editorial, among others the naïve calculation of par value of stock as if it represented actual dollars invested. By this method Mr. Lawrence proved that the federal power program threatened to rob American utility investors of five to seven billion dollars. This must have been pleasant reading for the utilities. But now it turns out that Mr. Lawrence had other interests afoot with them. According to Federal Trade Commission reports, he was attempting to organize a \$200,000 advertising pool to run a series of weekly full-page advertisements in The United States News, to be paid for week by week by fifty-two utility companies, the advertisements to extol the virtues of local regulation and the public forethought of the utility holding companies. The reason given for running the advertisements in Mr. Lawrence's paper was that "being absolutely non-partisan, it carries an extraordinary amount of prestige and influence."

THE New Masses has been publishing a series of articles by John L. Spivak exposing the ramifications of Nazi organizations distributing anti-Semitic material in this country. The charges are documented with names and addresses, detailed accounts of supposedly secret meetings and reproductions of confidential instructions. Mr. Spivak charges:

That Sidney Brooks, director of the Bureau of Economic Research of the Republican Senatorial and Congressional Campaign Committee, is a member of the Order of '76, and that his father, Colonel Edwin Emerson (Mr. Brooks uses his mother's maiden name) is an acknowledged agent of Hitler in this country;

That the Order of '76, largely organized by Royal Scott Gulden, has now merged with William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts and that the organization is in constant touch with Colonel Emerson;

That the Order of '76 has had an espionage service organized by Colonel Fritz Duquesne, wartime German spy and self-described sinker of the British cruiser "Hampshire";

That the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation

of Chicago, under the management of Harry A. Jung and backed by Gail Carter (one time Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in Illinois), Charles Wienne, Lawrence Harper and Clement Studebaker, III (of the automobile family), received contributions from many corporations including several owned or managed by Jews, and that the Federation, ostensibly engaged in the distribution of anti-Communist material, was also active in distributing anti-Jewish propaganda.

Max Epstein, chairman of the Board of the General American Transportation Corporation, one of the contributing corporations, when informed of the material that The New Masses was going to publish telegraphed back the following self-explanatory reply:

... very much appreciate it if this company or my name were not mentioned in the article ... but the information you are now giving will be remembered by me and in future I will act accordingly.

We have not ourselves seen the evidence on which Mr. Spivak bases his charges and cannot therefore guarantee their accuracy, but they are sufficiently grave to require a definite and early answer from the persons concerned—if there is an answer.

The Drift away from Roosevelt

LITERARY DIGEST polls have invariably turned out to be more correct in their indication of popular sentiment than skeptics have believed; only statisticians who have experimented with the sampling method are prepared to accept its amazing accuracy, provided the samples are well chosen. We take it for granted that The Digest's poll of 65,000 persons, which shows a decided drift away from the administration during the past few months, will be substantially reflected in the elections. There is only a faint chance that some new class division has arisen in the American electorate to render the Digest sample unrepresentative.

What accounts for this sudden shift? Last March and April the New Deal was, "on the whole," according to the straw vote taken at that time, an overwhelming favorite. Commenting on the results, we attributed them mainly to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's opponents on the right had no reasonable alternative to offer. We guessed that many of the voters were far less enthusiastic than they had been in the spring of 1933; indeed, while the President had, according to the Digest vote, slightly more adherents than when he was elected, we assumed that in the meantime he had reached and passed a peak of popularity. Nevertheless, most of the voters were not yet ready to jump from the New Deal fire into the Ogden Mills frying pan. The practical results of Hooverism were still too fresh in the memory. Now the President's majority has shrunk from 69 percent to only a trifle more than half of the national total, and numerous important states have gone against him. This con-

firms our estimate of the trend on the occasion of the former poll. Even so, the change is so large and so rapid as to be startling.

The opposition on the right is not a bit more logical than before, nor is there a hint of an intelligent program from the reactionaries. They cry about a loss of liberty without stating whose liberty has been lost or specifying what liberty. They declaim against regimentation and argue that government should let business run its own affairs, without recognizing that most of the regimentation that exists has come from organized business itself, and that the N.R.A. codes, which were drawn up and are administered by corporation executives, have given business an opportunity to run its own affairs such as it never before dreamed of having. The restrictions of the codes are annoying indeed to many individual business men, but their legitimate complaint lies against their own associates, not against the President. If a majority of them don't want to restrict competition; they don't have to. If, after a trial of business government, business anarchy seems more attractive to them, they can return to it without waiting for a political election. And we cannot imagine labor rising up *en masse* for the liberty of employers to crush unions, reduce wages and lengthen hours. The farmers in many cases not only welcome the regimentation that has brought them benefit payments, but want stricter measures than the government dares to impose.

Phrases and slogans do not cause discontent, even when they are full of honest meaning; but the most empty and misleading words may be repeated by increasing numbers if real causes for discontent are present. So it is that the attack from the right has gained momentum, that Mr. Hoover's book sells in large quantities, that the hack slogans are gaining headway. For recovery itself has stalled. The trend of production and employment, of bank clearings and other major business indices, has been downward ever since last May. The expected seasonal improvement began to appear only in October, and so far it is but a feeble flicker. In spite of the improved conditions of groups all over the country, who are better off than they would have been if some of the administration's measures had not been applied, a large majority are affected by the main economic trends. If recovery had proceeded apace, all the political and business attacks, all the annoyances, would not materially have affected the President's following. But since it does not, people rally round any banner of opposition. Hope begins to be too long deferred.

We do not assume that all those who have turned against the administration have faced in the direction of the Republicans. Unfortunately the Digest polls throw no light on this point, but other indications are that many of those who, "on the whole," are now dissatisfied with the New Deal oppose it from the left rather than from the right. To think otherwise would be to malign the intelligence of the American people. For if anything has stood out

in the President's program, it is his surrender to private business on crucial questions, foremost among which are monopoly price fixing and restriction of industrial production. Add to this his failure to make good many hopes held out to the unemployed, to labor and to farmers, and you have a fully sufficient reason for the cooling of millions toward him. Whatever fair words have been or are being said, the cold facts are that today relief is being pared down, the majority of the unemployed still do not have jobs, millions of workers are without genuine collective bargaining through representatives of their own choosing, thousands have been blacklisted for striking in behalf of this legally guaranteed right, employed workers still have low wages, while the cost of living for both workers and farmers has risen. The natural inference is not that Roosevelt has been too daring, but that he has not done enough, that he has failed to do what he promised.

Sinclair in California, the Farmer-Labor upsurge in Minnesota, Wisconsin and other states, give evidence that this is the case. The Democratic chances may in certain regions be injured as much by Roosevelt's leftward opponents as by those returning to the Glum Old Party's ranks. A correspondent of The New York Herald Tribune recently noted this radical trend. In so far as it is a factor, the President will do himself no good by his present *rap-prochement* with the conservative bankers and business men. These will be against him anyway in the long run. More important still, his main chance depends on fuller employment and a rising national income, which the conservatives cannot achieve. The significant drift away from Roosevelt—though for the time being it may be a minority—is not to the rear, but ahead.

Goodbye, Section 7a

THE OPERATION was successful—but the patient died." This familiar epitaph seemed the most appropriate commentary on the work of the old National Labor Board when it was replaced last July by the National Labor Relations Board under Chairman Lloyd Garrison. The question now arises, with Attorney General Cummings' refusal to prosecute the Houde case, whether this same cryptic summary must be used to characterize the excellent work of the Garrison board. The parallel is disconcertingly close.

For the old board had been successful in almost every respect except in the one of most vital concern—obtaining for workers the right to organize and bargain collectively. Its decisions were, for the most part, excellent. It upheld the principle of majority rule. It declared that employees should be permitted to select their own representatives without any interference or coercion from employers. And it "condemned the initiation of a company union by an employer and his participation

in its affairs" in such a manner as to interfere with or dominate the employee's right of self-organization. These principles, from the labor point of view, were unexceptionable. They represented the essence of what labor could justly ask from Section 7a and its administration—the simple right to organize and bargain, free from employer intimidation. But the critical failure of the old board, as everyone knows, was that its principles, though invoked in decision after decision, were never enforced. Employers showed a fine disdain for the board's opinions—as at Weirton and Harriman—and labor was continually left holding the bag.

The new Garrison board now finds its efforts to clarify Section 7a threatened with similar sabotage from the enforcement agencies of the administration. For a fortnight ago Attorney General Cummings announced that the Department of Justice would not prosecute the Houde Company of Buffalo—because of insufficient evidence that the company had violated Section 7a. If Mr. Cummings has spoken the last word of the administration, it can only mean that Section 7a, so far as it has any practical value for workers, has been abandoned. Mr. Garrison himself has declared that the Houde case represented the most important issue that the Board has decided and he has repeatedly insisted that it should be taken to court. The decision, as *The New Republic* has already pointed out, aimed to establish two principles. It held that majority rule is "the only interpretation of Section 7a which can give effect to its purpose" and that, in addition, the right of employees to bargain collectively imposes a duty upon employers to deal with the representatives of the majority as the exclusive bargaining agency. Section 7a, the decision explained, was not enacted for the "anemic purpose" of promoting discussions, but to facilitate genuine collective agreements on basic working conditions.

The Houde Company, of course, boldly ignored this decision and even refused to give up its Blue Eagle on the order of the N.R.A. Compliance Division. Likewise, the National Association of Manufacturers promptly advised its members to disregard this interpretation of Section 7a until it had been established by "proper judicial authority." Thus, in refusing to press the case, Mr. Cummings has, in effect, given employers carte blanche in collective bargaining—at least so far as fear of the Department of Justice is concerned. For the Houde Company, as the decision of the Garrison board made clear, had resorted to every known device to avoid dealing with the United Automobile Workers' Federal Union, which the majority of its employees had joined. At first it refused to recognize the A.F. of L. representatives unless they disclosed their membership lists. It refused to attend hearings before both the Buffalo Regional Labor Board and the National Labor Board and succeeded, for a time, in blocking an election ordered by the Buffalo board, by refusing to submit its payroll. Finally, when the election, held in March, resulted in a clear

majority for the union the company still insisted on dealing with a company welfare association. Subsequently, it met with committees from both groups to discuss such minor matters as lighting and ventilation, but the recognized subjects of collective bargaining—wages and hours—were not discussed.

When Mr. Cummings cannot find sufficient evidence for prosecution in this record, the only conclusions are that he will probably never be convinced that prosecution is desirable and hence, that Section 7a will probably never be effectively enforced. His present attitude, moreover, is reminiscent of his refusal last spring to prosecute the Harriman Hosiery Mills. In this case, the hearings before the National Labor Board left no doubt whatever that the company had intimidated and terrorized its employees. Officials of the company even went so far as to tell the Board that they would never bargain collectively. Yet the Department of Justice could find no adequate cause for court action.

In the Houde case, Mr. Cummings has indicated that he may still prosecute, if more evidence is presented. But obviously that is not the point. His inability to see violations of Section 7a where the labor boards have found them reveals a fundamental difference in interpretation of the provision. We do not profess to know who is correct—Mr. Cummings or the labor boards. We can see no reason, however, why the Department of Justice should set itself up as a special review body on the meaning of Section 7a. That is a job for the Supreme Court and it should be sent there as speedily as possible so that workers will know precisely where they stand. The present policy of judicial delay is merely destructive of labor's rights.

This policy, of course, completely undermines the authority of the labor board. This is unfortunate, not merely because it nullifies the principle of majority rule—the only interpretation of Section 7a that can give it meaning—but also because it seriously weakens, if it does not invalidate, the board's work in other labor disputes. Only recently, the board established a precedent by disqualifying a company union which it had found to be established by coercion and bribery. In this case it ordered the employers, the J. D. Sargent Granite Company and the North Carolina Granite Company, to recognize and deal with the Granite Cutters' International Association. In making this ruling, it is noteworthy, the board pointed out that it was following the "analogy of a contempt decree sanctioned by the United States Supreme Court in the famous case of *Texas and New Orleans Railroad versus Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks*." Obviously, should this view be upheld, it would be a great step forward in the interpretation of Section 7a and the difficult company-union controversy.

Again, in the recent case of the Ely and Walker Dry Goods Company of St. Louis, the board found that the company had violated Section 7a by sponsoring and giving financial support to a company union. Accordingly, it ordered the company to bar-

gain with an independent union, representing the majority of the employees, and to cease its financial aid to the company union. Another recent case of importance is that of the National Aniline and Chemical Company of Buffalo. Here the company bargained with its employees, members of the Allied Chemical Workers, but was unwilling to incorporate the terms agreed upon in a written contract. "The statute," said the board's decision, "imposes duties consistent with its purposes. It contemplates that the demands of the employees, or modifications of such demands, if acceptable to the employer, be embodied in an agreement . . ."

All of these decisions represent significant clarifications of the meaning of Section 7a. Yet their usefulness to labor is dependent on how effectively they can be enforced. More directly, they are of value only if the keystone of collective bargaining—majority rule—can also be enforced. This was the clear-cut issue presented in the Houde case. Thus if the administration permits this issue to go by default, it is in effect saying goodbye to Section 7a. Can it expect labor to do otherwise?

Wanted: A Statesman

THE FORTHCOMING naval conversations in London among Great Britain, the United States and Japan are more important than the formal naval conference of 1935. They will, in fact, show whether that conference can be held at all, or must be abandoned because the three powers are hopelessly unable to agree.

Japan, it is apparent, refuses any longer to accept the 5-5-3 ratio which was sprung upon her at the Washington Conference of 1921, which she was then persuaded to adopt only with the utmost difficulty and many behind-the-scenes concessions. Not only is her national pride wounded at the thought of being thus definitely placed in the second rank, but since 1921 her imperialistic ambitions on the mainland of Asia have greatly expanded, both in accomplished fact and, even more important, in the realm of future plan.

Although, in 1921, the United States agreed to abandon further fortifications in the Western Pacific, Japan feels that this is not enough. She considers that while her fleet is stronger, in her own waters, than that of either Great Britain or the United States, operating separately, a combination of these two powers might prove a serious danger to her. One way out of the dilemma would be a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance; but while there is some gossip along these lines, Great Britain evidently fears to do anything so strongly opposed to American wishes (she has, of course, other reasons). Failing this, the Japanese want to come closer to equality with the other powers, by increasing their own strength, by reducing that of Great Britain and the United States, or by some rearrangement of categories that will give Japan a

more effective distribution of her tonnage for her own purposes. This might be accomplished in part by abolishing, or reducing the numbers of, vessels of types useful in offensive warfare.

So far as we can judge, the plan of the American government is to drift into a collision with Japan, which will inevitably break down all naval agreements and restore an unrestricted naval-building race. The American attitude is that Japan's demand for increased security is itself part of her imperialistic policy toward Manchuria and China; that if we agree to it we also agree to that policy, past and future; and that this we cannot do.

If ever the times called for a statesman to cut through the prejudices and inertia of little men and rescue us from an approaching disaster, it is now. It is true that the whole world looks with reproach upon what Japan has done in Asia—and especially that part of the world which had itself abandoned similar tactics as long ago as twenty or thirty years. But in fact, we are not prepared to do anything to protect China or Manchuria from Japan, and all realistic students know that there is nothing we can do, short of war. Neither are we able to say that there is any less reason for giving Japan "defensive security" in her part of the world than for giving the United States similar security in her coastal waters. Even a Japanese fleet the equal of our own would offer no menace to this country.

In other words: unless we are prepared to fight Japan, with or without Great Britain's help, for the purpose of modifying her Asiatic policy, we must sooner or later accept that policy in its naval implications, however much we dislike it and however much we employ the machinery of the League or other international organizations to register our disapproval. If we are going to accept the naval implications at all, why not do so at once, and thus preserve the treaties of limitation, which are one of the few semi-sane spots in an otherwise wholly insane world? Otherwise, we shall find ourselves in a naval-building race which will probably do little to alter the relative strength of the three powers, but will put a mounting and presently an intolerable and useless burden on our national economy.

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The National Workshops

UNDER the guidance of Mr. Hopkins' F.E.R.A., the unemployed are now producing, in small quantities, most of the types of goods needed for a minimum standard of living. Groups of unemployed make women's and children's dresses, shirts, underwear and other cotton clothing; they make rugs, curtains, tables, chairs, mattresses, sheets and towels; they are canning beef and mutton and almost every variety of vegetable and fruit. They have not made woolen clothing, but they have repaired and cleaned woolen winter coats and suits. They have resoled and patched shoes. Medical services have been organized among unemployed nurses. For recreation, there are unemployed orchestras, stock companies and vaudeville troupes.

The success of these varied work projects shows that it would be possible to establish a sort of partially self-sustaining, unemployed economic class existing below and apart from the rest of society. The government would need to provide planning experts and administrative personnel, and to furnish machinery and tools, and semi-finished and raw materials, but these could be supplied at only a small fraction of the present expenditure for relief. The standard of life in such an unemployed sub-society need not necessarily be unendurably low. Through mass purchases, the government could buy, as it already has, materials of good quality at low cost, and the F.E.R.A.'s technicians could plan, much better than the average individual, for their best possible utilization. If the commodities already being produced by the unemployed can be taken as evidence of the standard of living that could be maintained, unemployment would become relative heaven for thousands of Southern textile workers and soft-coal miners.

The question whether or not to establish such a self-sustaining unemployed group has been made of immediate political importance by two things: Upton Sinclair's primary victory in California, and the advocacy of the so-called Ohio Plan by some of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers. Mr. Sinclair's EPIC program and the Ohio Plan differ greatly in detail, but both provide for the taking over of idle factories and the putting of all employable unemployed to work producing for their own use. Apparently merchants and small manufacturers have become badly alarmed. In its recent angry questionnaire addressed to President Roosevelt, the United States Chamber of Commerce lashed out at the "increasing activity by the federal government in establishing or subsidizing enterprises in competition with private business." A number of communities, notably Baltimore, have refused shipments of F.S.R.C. cotton

intended for mattress-stuffing, declaring they would have no part in communist practice.

Whatever may happen in the future, at present there is little reason for business in general to be upset. Only the processing of drought cattle and the manufacture of mattresses has been undertaken on a mass basis. Of 17,000,000 persons on relief rolls, only 1,320,752 were engaged on work projects of all kinds on August 15, the latest date for which figures have been received in Washington. Eighty percent of these were working on municipal, county and federal improvement projects—roads, parks and playgrounds and such things. Only 8 percent, or about 120,000 persons in all, were engaged in producing commodities. A microscopic fraction, one twenty-fifth of one percent, is engaged on new housing projects. None of the unemployed-made goods compete directly with private business; once finished, they are distributed back to the unemployed again on the basis of need. All goods are stamped "Not To Be Sold," and this rule is enforced by penalties.

While the range of commodities being made, here and there, by local relief agencies is surprisingly wide, the only two that are being nationally produced are cotton clothes and canned foods. The inspiration for the production of these two categories of goods seems to have come primarily from the A.A.A., anxious to dispose of its agricultural surpluses, rather than from the F.E.R.A. A total of 42,322 women, one-third of the unemployed engaged in commodity production, are today working in the 1,589 sewing rooms established in nearly every city. Besides clothes, the women make curtains, towels and sheets. The cloth comes from commercial manufacturers, who either must use raw cotton from the F.S.R.C. or, if they use supplies of their own, must agree to purchase equal amounts of cotton in the open market. During the coming winter, the F.E.R.A.'s mattress-making program will consume an estimated 250,000 bales of cotton, which means the taking of a good-sized bite out of our cotton surplus. As far as possible, the processing of the seven million head of drought cattle acquired by the A.A.A. has been given over to the unemployed and is their second most important undertaking.

Those who favor expanding commodity production by the unemployed argue, after the fashion of Mr. Sinclair, that it is preposterous for men and women to go hungry and cold while factories stand idle and mountains of surplus raw materials lie untouched. "Here are tools and workrooms," say those like Mr. Sinclair, "Go work, and feed and clothe yourselves." Incongruously, on the same side of the controversy you find many industrialists and

bankers, concerned at the prospect of indefinitely continued governmental borrowings for unemployment relief. The country's banking system is already choked with undigested government obligations, they point out, and no end to relief payments is in sight.

Because so many variable factors are involved, it is difficult to estimate just how far the costs of relief could be lowered if all the unemployed were set to providing their own food, clothing and shelter. Certainly the present expenditure of approximately \$200,000,000 monthly could, almost immediately, be cut in half. The chief obstacle to bringing down costs still further is the decentralization of the present relief system—a decentralization deliberately fostered by the F.E.R.A.—by which each local unit is isolated from all the rest, making the division of labor among different communities impossible. If a plan were adopted by which local administrations could be welded together in one national system, and New York City, which despite vacant-lot gardening cannot conceivably produce its own food, were enabled to exchange its unemployed-made dresses for California's unemployed-grown fruits and vegetables, there would be almost no limit to which relief costs could not be reduced. At least they could be brought within a figure that could be readily covered by current taxation.

Of more solid importance than budget-balancing and currency stability is the fact that, if the unemployed can be put to work without thereby causing any diminution of normal production, the national income of the United States, which sank last year to perhaps \$45,000,000,000 from a pre-depression average of \$90,000,000,000, will be greater by just that much. The more they are permitted to work for themselves the greater the real wealth of us all.

On the other side of the controversy stand the economists, like Mr. John Maynard Keynes, who believe it imperative that the government keep on with its spending program and who scoff at dangers to the banking system, and the rank and file of merchants. The arguments for government spending as the most desirable means of bringing about inflation of credit are familiar to the readers of *The New Republic*. As for the rank and file of business, in many communities weekly relief allotments are the chief thing keeping the heads of the grocer, butcher and general store owner above water. To thousands of small business men, cessation of the government's relief expenditures would bring serious difficulties.

However, the most formidable opposition is that of the manufacturers of the commodities which the unemployed are making. The National Association of Bedding Manufacturers, for example, has protested forcibly against the F.E.R.A.'s mattress-making program. A statement of the St. Louis Retail Furniture Dealers' Association indignantly points out that the F.E.R.A.'s specifications for

unemployed-made mattresses are set so high that the mattresses are likely to last fifteen or twenty years. The St. Louis furniture dealers protest that they are losing a whole generation of potential mattress purchasers.

A slightly different complaint comes from the canners. For the most part, fruit and vegetable canning has been done under the most primitive conditions, with a very small expenditure for machinery and plant. Meat packing, however, is a complicated industrial operation, and in order to process the A.A.A.'s drought cattle, many local relief administrations have purchased or leased idle factories and equipped them with machinery. The canners fear that when these factories are again released to private owners the industry will find itself faced with ruinous overcapacity.

The stiffest of all protests has come from the leather industry. A proposal of the A.A.A. that the unemployed use the hides of the drought cattle for shoes, leather jackets and mittens caused the leather industry to bring strong political pressure upon Washington. However, the F.E.R.A. is going ahead with the manufacture of jackets and mittens, whether shoes will also be made has not yet been decided.

This whole controversy about the production of goods for their own use by the unemployed necessarily assumes the premise—which no one ought willingly to accept—that we are going to have unemployment for an indefinite time to come. For that reason, the validity of the arguments advanced on both sides seems to this correspondent questionable. It is true that it is absurd for men and women to be cold and hungry while factories and raw materials are waiting to be used. But it seems just as preposterous to set about creating an economic basement of our society where seventeen million Americans are to be indefinitely condemned to a standard of life less good than the natural resources and technological proficiency of this country permit. If unemployment itself is wrong, there is no abstractly "right" way in which the unemployed should be maintained.

Factually speaking, the likelihood is that production of unemployed-made goods will be greatly expanded during the winter. It is improbable that the Roosevelt administration will agree to increase the federal government's contributions for relief, and state, counties and cities are finding it difficult to raise funds by taxation. There will be increasing pressure on all local relief administrations to reduce the amount of cash relief, and this will lead to more and more projects by which the unemployed will work to sustain themselves. Under the skilled technical direction of the F.E.R.A., and with the raw materials furnished by the F.S.R.C., local relief administrations will probably always be able to keep the unemployed in their charge fed and warm, but no one ought to take great satisfaction in that.

Washington. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

The A. F. of L. Inches Left

A CLEVER old guard yields something when it must in order to maintain its position and control. This is what William Green and his colleagues did at the San Francisco Convention of the American Federation of Labor, which has just come to a close. Forced by the new set-up under the N.R.A., by the pressure of the Roosevelt administration, of workers needing and demanding to be organized, and, to a much smaller extent, of progressives and left-wingers in the Federation's ranks, they adopted a number of measures for which the progressives have long been fighting, notably vertical or industrial organization in mass-production industries and the enlargement of the Federation's Executive Council. But it is necessary to understand the background in order to estimate just what this means for the future of the organized labor movement.

The decision to charter vertical unions in the automobile, aluminum and cement industries was made by the Federation leaders under the same circumstances as the decision to endorse old-age pensions and unemployment insurance a year or two ago, *viz.*: after every other intelligent person or group had done so and there was literally no way to avoid taking the plunge. The craft unions not only are unable, but they do not want to organize more than a handful of highly skilled mechanics in these industries. The workers, on the other hand, wish to be organized in the A.F. of L. but have made it clear that they will not enter craft unions. What was the A.F. of L. to do? Tell these workers in effect to remain unorganized or to go into independent unions? Not a few of the die-hard craft unionists would actually have preferred that, to bringing the unskilled "rubbish"—as Daniel Tobin, tsar of the Teamsters' Union, openly called the new members from the big industries on the convention floor—into the sacred family where they might lead a revolt against the elders.

But a year of the N.R.A. has made it clear even to those who have eyes and habitually see not that the actual alternatives to bringing the mass-production workers into industrial unions within the Federation are either that these workers form powerful independent unions *under radical leadership* such as showed its potentialities in the Toledo and Minneapolis strikes this summer, or what at the moment seems even more likely, that they are organized under employer auspices into a powerful network of company unions. These alternatives even the most Bourbon of the Bourbons in the ranks of labor officials could not face. They have been emotionally conditioned against "Red" unions and company unions. Besides, a considerable growth of either one would shortly mean that the craft internationals

themselves would disintegrate or be reduced to utter impotence. In this connection it is not superfluous to note that the construction industry is still flat and the building-trades unions, for long the backbone of the A.F. of L., are in a very shaky condition. Thus it comes about that the decision to alter "the basic structure of the great American Federation of Labor," when it did come, was carried by an almost unanimous vote.

What matters, of course, is not this formal decision, but that the workers in the basic industries should now be organized into powerful industrial unions. Having that problem in mind, one may question whether we are not confronted with another case of locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen. A year or so ago the New Deal was in its honeymoon phase; the United States Chamber of Commerce, the bankers, etc., were on the defensive; there was something of a boom on; the workers were clamoring at the doors of the A.F. of L. for admission.

Now the situation is radically altered. Employers have had a chance to rally their forces, map out a plan of campaign and take the offensive against the administration and the unions. The general economic situation is not such as to suggest that concessions can or will readily be made to the workers. There is the record of the administration's wabbling on the issue of union recognition. Automobile workers, after the part played by the A.F. of L. leaders on the one hand and President Roosevelt on the other in the automobile "settlement" with its "merit" clause and its ill fated Automobile Labor Board, as silent these days as the Blue Eagle and Hugh Johnson himself, are not marching light-heartedly to A.F. of L. headquarters to sign up in the childlike faith that this is what Uncle Sam turned Santa Claus wants them to do. Most of the federal locals have in fact been losing members wholesale. The total increase in A.F. of L. paid-up membership under the New Deal is less than 700,000 and the total paid-up membership in the A.F. of L. still well under three million. Under these circumstances will automobiles, steel, cement, be organized?

The job is now a tremendously difficult one. There is not even a fair chance of success unless two conditions are met: first, that the A.F. of L. set up an efficient organizing machinery; second, that it go into the campaign with a new spirit and specifically with the determination to get a showdown on union recognition and the willingness to put up a fight to the finish on that question if necessary, assured that the victory will not come as a gift from the President.

As to the first condition, some improvement has

unquestionably taken place since the utter incapacity of the A.F. of L. in the Hoover era. The unions are making more use of young and enthusiastic organizers. The additions made to the A.F. of L. Executive Council at San Francisco, crowning with success several years' campaign by John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, will mean some increase in drive and improvement in organizing technique at headquarters. There is still a long, long way to go, however, as was tragically illustrated in the recent textile strike, when a paltry few thousand dollars was all that the two and a half million paid-up members of the Federation contributed to the strike chest, only three or four of the Internationals as a matter of fact contributing anything at all. No provision whatever has been made for legal-defense machinery or a defense fund, none for relief machinery or funds—as American labor advances to do battle with automobiles and steel.

Nor does the recent convention signalize the birth of a new spirit in the A.F. of L. It voted for industrial unionism in the basic industries, but refused to recognize the right of the Brewery Workers' Union to retain in its membership teamsters, engineers, etc., employed in and about breweries. No significant steps toward amalgamating existing craft unions were taken. Daniel Tobin, whose views have already been alluded to, was one of the new members elected to the Executive Council. John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, a powerful and clever figure, but a man who for years has retained the presidency of his own union by methods typical of the Tammany politician and gangster, is the leader of the "progressive" forces in the A.F. of L. which were victorious on the issues of industrial unionism and enlarging the Executive Council.

These men may contribute to a fund to combat fascism in Europe, but within their own unions they exercise an iron dictatorship. They are even now engaged in a "Red" hunt in those unions, which means not merely a possibly justifiable campaign against some of the official Communist Party tactics in the trade-union field, but against all members who on any ground differ with and seek to liberalize the bureaucracy of the unions. Under the Lewis leadership vigorous and astute efforts will be made to get the utmost that the Roosevelt administration is able and can be induced to give in the way of increased union membership, nominal union recognition, social legislation, etc., in exchange for political support by union labor. However, when it comes to pressing the administration for those fundamental changes in the economic order that will be necessary if labor's position is to be made tolerable and secure in the machine age, which will require more than a sham battle with dominant industrial and financial interests, Lewis and Company are likely to be found wanting. Their social concepts are essentially reactionary. They will follow the administration almost anywhere; they will not challenge or defy it. Temperamentally they

are fascists. They would qualify as union leaders in a "corporative state."

Nevertheless, as the N.R.A. enters upon its new phase the trade-union situation is in some respects clarified and promising. There is a distinct tendency toward unity in the trade-union field. There are no independent unions, Communist or otherwise, seriously to challenge the A.F. of L. unions or interfere with their activities. Nor can the leaders complain of interference from within. They have the situation well in hand. Even the building-trades dispute will be settled and in the meantime constitutes no serious threat to them. There is still a decided desire for organization among the workers and they want to be in the A.F. of L. if it will give them any encouragement and help at all. The decision to charter industrial unions in at least some of the basic industries, and the infusion of new blood into the Executive Council, constitute improvements in the Federation as an organizing machine. The issue of union recognition in the heavy industries cannot be forever postponed and the textile strike has conclusively demonstrated that, given any kind of lead, the workers are willing to put up a mighty battle for it. What is needed now is a progressive left wing to develop and thrust forward a leadership willing and able to carry such battles to a genuine conclusion. Such leadership was lacking in the textile strike and at the San Francisco convention. Another year may witness astonishing changes in this respect. The social and economic forces and developments that within a few years caused the ultra-careful leaders of the American trade-union movement completely to change their position on social insurance, the relation of government to industry and the structure of unionism, are not yet spent. An American trade-union movement marked by militancy and genuine integrity, which will be an independent and original force in American life, not a mere appendage to other movements, may emerge from the struggles of the next twelve months.

A. J. MUSTE.

Rattlesnake

How soft the serpent lies there in her rings
And dozes poisonous, without alarm.
She cuddles in the sand and loves herself
And, dreaming, sucks her venom without harm.
I hate her so. Good God, I hate her so.
Look, how she soothes and pours herself around
And nudges with her swollen cheek at rocks
That cannot leap in loathing or in sound.
She is all flesh and finished in one flesh
And needs no other things to practise lust.
By unity her sluicing creep is ever
A cold persistent nuptial with the dust.
I hate her. Round and round I hate her who
Opens her mouth into a vipersmile
And flies her scaly omens at her end,
Giving to death his dying and his style.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

Rescue at Sea

A Coast Guardsman's Story of the "Morro Castle"

I WAS called at midnight September 8 to go on patrol two and a half miles north.¹ I left the station at 12:10 A.M., noting the barometer was falling as I went out. Wind was northeast, sky overcast, weather thickening fast. Marked increase in wind with high surf rolling in, which indicated heavy weather off shore. Some lightning and thunder for about ten minutes at 1:50 A.M., followed by heavy rain squalls and fog banks. All boats close in running for harbor.

When I got off watch at 4 A.M. I heard the lookout man telling the Skipper that he had seen either a boat on fire or distress signals. The man off patrol and I both looked out to sea, but it was so thick we could see nothing. As I went down I heard the Skipper sending a call to all stations, and reporting to the commander of this district that he was going to try to get out to sea, but did not think that any of our boats would make it on account of the bar. I did not think so either.

Five of us, all told, started in the surf boat. As we left the dock, the Skipper hollered to another member of the crew to bring out the station Pickett boat just as soon as it was light enough to get her out. He did not think she could make it at that time. She is about forty-eight feet long and a mighty fine sea boat, with a very poor engine in her, plenty of power when the damn thing runs, which is not any too often.

We managed to get across the bar and for the next seven or eight miles we had an awful fight, until we were within half a mile of the burning ship. Then we ran into something I never want to see or hear of again. The ocean was fairly lit up by the light of the burning ship, and the water was simply alive with screaming men and women. We stopped, and it very nearly spelled the end of us and a great many others, for so many grabbed the boat at once that we were nearly capsized and sunk. I do not know how many minutes we stopped, but certainly not more than five, and I heard the Skipper bellowing at me to go ahead on her. I got her under way and for the next half-mile there was a fight on that I will never forget. Every sea broke over us, washing us from stem to stern. The crew did all they could to keep others off, and prevent our running over someone in the water; the Skipper was at the tiller, I at the engine controls. The water was so deep that my hands on the gas throttle were covered. All around, ahead, on each side and astern,

were men and women, all excited, a few with their hands stretched out toward us, calling for help; and we, already overloaded, unable to help at all. The rain beat down, the spray flew, and the way those upturned faces looked as they rose on the crest of a wave with the firelight flickering on them was awful. This lasted for about half a mile, then we were abreast of the burning ship and no one in the water to be run down.

There was nothing to do now but keep the boat headed into the sea, every wave breaking over us, for the next two and a half or three miles to the "Andrea F. Luckenbach," the only steamer there at the time. We managed to crowd a little more speed on. Just as day was breaking we drew up to the "Luckenbach's" Jacob's ladders. I looked at our cargo for the first time; women back of me in the stern piled three deep, men and women over the engine box, cordwood fashion, all alive. Just how many there were I do not know, for we had our hands full to get them aboard the ship and keep our boat from being smashed alongside.

As soon as the last passenger was off and aboard ship, our Skipper went aboard to get the Master to move in closer to the "Morro Castle" so as to be more help to us. Later he did. We started back for another load. Before we got back to the burning ship two more steamers had arrived and put out lifeboats; I do not know how many, but quite a few. Most of them were heavily loaded then, but a few were not, and these were either hauling people out of the water or doing all in their power to draw up to the stern of the "Morro Castle," where there must have been two hundred people crowded, either along the deck rail, in the water, or hanging by ropes over the stern. We stopped and loaded with women, all women, except three men who were just about gone, right alongside of us.

We went to the nearest ship, the "Empress of Bermuda," British register, just as quickly as we could. We could not get our load of passengers aboard as no one would throw us a line to hold on to, and they kept the ship's head too much in the wind to give us a good lee so as to enable the women to make the Jacob's ladder hanging over the side. Finally we had to leave the ship and run over to the "City of Savannah" and put them off. Those fellows and the Captain really gave us wonderful help. The minute we were alongside they threw us a line both forward and aft to make fast to before the boat even lost headway. They opened one of their cargo ports and lowered ropes to tie around the women and men who could not climb the ladder.

When we got rid of the next load the ships' life-

¹ This account of the rescue of "Morro Castle" passengers and crew was written as a letter to his sister by Mr. Moulton, a Coast Guard surfman stationed at Avon, New Jersey.—THE EDITORS.

boats had gotten the last of the passengers and crew who were aft on the "Morro Castle" and in the water around her. There were about a dozen men on the forward deck, which was not on fire at that time. We tried to get them, but the Captain and the rest of the crew refused to leave.

Up to this time there had been no other Coast Guard boats on the scene, just us, in a little twenty-six-foot boat. We made a circle around the "Morro Castle" to see if we had missed anyone, and found the Chief Wireless Operator hanging on the forward boat tackle block. This was on the weather side, and every time a sea came he would go completely out of sight. We had a time getting him aboard without getting busted ourselves.

Along about now the Pickett boat from our station drew up alongside the "Luckenbach" with one of her lifeboats in tow. They had picked it up drifting toward shore, overloaded, with the crew unable to handle her on account of the high seas that were running. The crew was completely played out when they took them in tow. I have since heard there were fifty people on that boat.

By now our gas was getting low. We started to the leeward to take a look at the inlet to see if we could possibly get in. When we were about two and a half miles from the "Morro Castle," we saw two ship's lifeboats bob up away off on our starboard, but could not make out what they were doing, as it was raining so hard. They seemed to be drifting helplessly toward the breakers, about half a mile in shore. When we were within about a hundred yards of the first boat we saw a girl throw up her hands just a little way from us. We went to her and just as we got her on board, the rain slackened; as we rose on top of a sea, as far as we could see the ocean was dotted with both living and dead.

We were but a few minutes in getting a load of the living, took the lifeboat in tow, and started for the "City of Savannah," two and a half miles to the windward. The boat we had in tow was one of hers.

On the way we saw our Pickett boat and signaled them to go to the assistance of the other lifeboat. After years, it seemed to me, we reached the "Savannah" and were unloaded in a hurry by her crew, as we were all just about done in by now. As soon as we unloaded, we went back to where the Pickett boat and lifeboat were last seen. The lifeboat was gone, and the Pickett was there rolling helplessly, about to be capsized by each sea. We ran down by them and hollered to know what the trouble was. They said their engine had stopped and they had gotten a fishing boat to take the lifeboat with them. Even if we had had the power to take the Pickett in tow, we could not have done it, as our gas was getting low. We decided the only thing to do was for me to board the Pickett and see if I could get her engines to running. The regular engineer was not on board, he having gone on liberty before the fire started. I got aboard her some way, and

straightened up to take a look around. I saw a dead woman lying across the stern, dead lying on top of the cabin; the port side of the deck and cabin were red, dripping blood. In the after-cabin were the most forlorn men and women I have ever seen, and all with hardly a rag on. Bilge matter was on the after-cabin floor and in the engine room forward, and everywhere one of the worst smells I have ever smelt where they had vomited. A fish factory is cologne compared to the smell on that boat.

One of the boys was on the stern in his underwear, trying to get the rest of his clothes on. I did not know the reason at the time, but have since heard from the crew that he deserves a lot of credit, which he is not getting. When the engine stopped on them, they were trying to come up to three women with life preservers on; he went overboard and managed to pull them close enough for the rest to get them on board. His name is Monroe Wilson of Marshalburg, North Carolina.

I managed to get the engine running after a while. How long I was, I do not know, nor how close we were to the breakers when we got started, as we could not see very far on account of the heavy rain. Judging from the way the sea was running, it could not have been far. We ran around after that for a while, but could find nothing but dead with life preservers on. We picked up a few of them, but it was such a job to get them on board and they would soon be on the beach anyway. The fellow in charge thought it best to get those in the cabin to a doctor, and leave those already dead alone. Shank River Inlet Bar was out of the question by now, as it was a great deal rougher than when we came out that morning. We thought of Sandy Hook, but it was twenty-five miles up the beach, and from the pounding the old boat was getting we were all doubtful whether she would stand it long enough to make it, even if the engine did not fail, and I was pretty certain it would, as the lubricating-oil pressure had dropped from forty-five pounds to fifteen, on account of gasoline's getting in when they were trying to start it before I got there. I said to go in Manasquan Inlet, which was about five miles from us, but he said he had never been there and did not know the way. I told him I had been there once and thought I could go again, so he gave her up to me and we made it some time that evening.

How many we pulled out of the water, I don't know. I kept count up to fifty-six, the Skipper says one hundred and sixteen in all.

WARREN R. MOULTON.

The Falling World

Here is the world falling upon our heads,
Mountains diminishing to cinder heaps.
The prophets have all taken to their beds
And even as the poet sings he sleeps.

ALAN PORTER.

What to Do Till the Censor Comes

Lest the lily be inadvertently gilded we give below verbalim extracts, under appropriate subheads, from the producers' Adopted Code to Govern the Production of Motion Pictures, the official Will Hays code. Unfortunately the typographical rules of The New Republic prevent exact reproduction of the distribution of emphasis by liberal capitalization and italics.—THE EDITORS.

A PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.—Correct entertainment raises the whole standard of a nation. Wrong entertainment lowers the whole living conditions and moral ideals of a race. Note the healthy reactions to healthful moral sports like baseball. Note, too, the effects on a nation of gladiatorial combats, the obscene plays of Roman times, etc.

Esthetics.—It has often been argued that art in itself is unmoral, neither good nor bad. This is perhaps true of the thing which is music, painting, poetry, etc. But the thing is the product of some person's mind, and that mind was either good or bad when it produced the thing. And the thing has its effect upon those who come into contact with it.

Ethics.—The presentation of evil is often essential for art or fiction or drama. This in itself is not wrong, provided: That evil is not presented alluringly. That in the end the audience feels that evil is wrong and good is right. Law, natural and divine, must not be belittled, ridiculed, nor must a sentiment be created against it.

The Youth Who Bares 'Mid Snow and Ice.—The attention of the producers is called to the magnificent possibilities of the screen for character development, the building of right ideals, the inculcation in story form of right principles. If motion pictures consistently held up high types of character, presented stories that would affect lives for the better, they could become the greatest natural force for improvement of mankind.

Consistency.—The courts of the land should not be presented as unjust. . . . As far as possible life should not be misrepresented.

De Rerum Natura.—Sin and evil enter into the story of human beings, and hence in themselves are dramatic material. In the use of this material, it must be distinguished between sin which by its very nature repels, and sin which by its nature attracts. In the second class come sex sins, sins and crimes of apparent heroism, such as banditry, daring thefts, leadership in evil, organized crime, revenge. The second class needs real care in handling.

Technique.—The triangle, that is the love of a third party by one already married, needs careful

handling, if marriage, the sanctity of the home and sex morality are not to be imperiled.

There Always Are Hallways.—Bedrooms in themselves are perfectly innocent. In serious drama, their use should, where sex is suggested, be confined to absolute essentials. . . .

The White Man's Burden.—Adultery as a subject should be avoided. It should not be presented as attractive or alluring. It is never a fit subject for comedy.

And How!—Seduction and rape are difficult subjects and bad material. . . . They should never be treated as comedy.

Even?—Even the struggles preceding rape should not be shown.

Not in Our Stars But in Ourselves.—The methods by which seduction is attained should not be explicit or represented in detail. Scenes of passion are sometimes necessary for the plot. They must not be explicit in action nor vivid in method, *e. g.*, by handling of the body, by lustful and prolonged kissing, by evidently lustful embraces, by positions which strongly arouse passions.

Definition.—Pure love, the love of a man for a woman permitted by the law of God and man, is the rightful subject of plots. The passion arising from this love is not the subject for plots. Impure love, the love of man and woman forbidden by human and divine law, must be presented in such a way that: It is clearly known by the audience to be wrong. Its presentation does not excite sexual reactions. . . .

To Blush Unseen.—Even within the limits of pure love, certain facts [are] outside the limits of safe presentation. These are manifestations of passion and the sacred intimacies of private life: Either before marriage in the courtship of decent people. Or after marriage, as is perfectly clear. But in the case of impure love the following are important: It must not be presented as attractive or beautiful. It must not be made to seem right or permissible. It must not be the subject of farce or treated as the material for laughter.

The Science of Anatomy.—The fact that the nude or semi-nude body may be beautiful does not make its use in the films moral. The effect of the nude or semi-nude body on the normal individual must be taken into consideration. It is immoral in its effect upon the average audience.

What to Do Till the Censor Comes.— . . . the breasts of a woman should never be uncovered. They should *not* be covered with *transparent* or *translucent* material. They should not be clearly and unmistakably *outlined* by the garment. *Scenes of undressing* should be avoided.

LAWRENCE BROWN.

Washington Notes

*More Gestures Toward Big Business—It's Fun
to Be Fooled—Not an Idea
in a Carload*

FOR MORE than a week now Washington has been buzzing with reports of the conservative tendency of the President, and various evidences of his alleged swing to the right are being cited. Word of the reported desire of Mr. Roosevelt to "reassure" business has gone out of here by wire, mail and radio through the country, with the result that in every great city the Chamber of Commerce, the banks and business men generally are discussing it as a fact, somewhat timidly congratulating themselves upon what they believe to be a definite change of policy. The allegedly "inside information" which goes out of Washington in the form of regular letters to business men, has, perhaps, contributed most to this impression, which is now general all over the country. Of course, the type of the recent White House visitors, Mr. Moley's confidential contacts with business leaders in New York, which I mentioned last week, and the tone of Mr. Roosevelt's recent press conferences, have all more or less justified this impression. It is nevertheless funny to those capable of looking below the surface and analyzing the situation.

The plain fact is that the business men, now all steamed up over the idea that the President has at last seen the error of his ways and is about to throw off his liberal livery and reveal himself as a true conservative, are simply deluding themselves. Mr. Roosevelt is not purposely fooling them. I think he is entirely sincere in the expressions of concern that have recently emanated from him in private about the relief situation and that he is also rather deeply apprehensive that the next Congress will not be amenable to restraint when it comes to appropriating money.

It is also true that the President is not now and never has been an inflationist. He is eager to have as much business and journalistic support as he can get in order to prevent Congress's getting away from him in the next session and running wild in the direction of expenditures and currency expansion. In brief, whatever is done along those lines Mr. Roosevelt wants to do himself, not have it forced upon him. However, this does not mean that he intends to change or abandon any policy to which he has been committed. It particularly does not mean that there will be no further devaluation of the dollar or any return to the gold standard, or that there will be the rigid curtailment in the next fiscal year of the kind necessary if the budget is to be balanced in 1936. Yet, those are the things to which the business men now applauding his turn toward conservatism confidently look. Those are the things they deem essential to safety and represent the terms in which they translate the word conservatism.

So, what it all amounts to is that Mr. Roosevelt has been conferring the past few weeks with a considerable number of Baruchs, Harrisons, Leffingwells, Taylors and Swopes; that these gentlemen have been impressed with the "level-headed" view the President takes of the situation and of

his acute appreciation that business must be encouraged and stimulated if his program is to succeed. Particularly, it must be encouraged and stimulated if the relief burden, now upwards of a billion and a half a year, is to be kept from dragging the whole New Deal structure to the ground. They have—these conservative gentlemen of finance and business—returned to New York and disseminated privately the information that there is hope; that Mr. Roosevelt is seeking advice and support from the business element and that the business element ought to cooperate in its own interests; that "perhaps the situation can be saved." It is, as I have said, all very interesting and not without its humorous phase, because the simple fact is that Mr. Roosevelt has not changed and cannot change his direction.

He has either got to advance along the general lines he has laid down or precipitate a degree of chaos not pleasant to contemplate. He may—and a good many think he will—find that the other course is ruinous too, but there is not the slightest doubt about the effect of the effort to go back. However, that is an academic discussion and Mr. Roosevelt, conciliatory and engaging as he is at the moment to the business interests, is not going to try it, and only the stupidity of the so-called industrial leaders makes it possible for them to entertain any such hope.

Before leaving this subject, it is interesting to note that among all the alleged leaders of business with whom the President and Professor Moley have talked in the past few weeks, not one advanced any save the most hackneyed suggestions. There is now, as there has been from the start of the depression, an amazing paucity of ideas among them. Neither in the days when they were scared sick nor in these days when, after a measure of recovery has been achieved, they are much more comfortable in their minds, has there come from them any worth-while or constructive thought. This information, I may say, comes from neither the President nor Mr. Moley, nor anyone close to them, but from a New Yorker who probably has been in on more conferences than any other single individual. Not a single man, when called upon, had a concrete, practical program that anyone could regard as adequate or possible—even from the most conservative standpoint. The one key which they all struck, of course, was economy. They want to check the "reckless expenditure of money," but when asked how they would check it and what they would abandon, I am told these business leaders drifted off into vague and cloudy generalities.

Personally, my belief is that Mr. Roosevelt will prove his good faith to these leaders of business next January by presenting a message to Congress urging curtailment and economy in broad general terms, speaking of the necessity for an early balancing of the budget and of the need for retrenchment. Incidentally, I have an idea that the conservative atmosphere in which the White House, for the time being, is clouded, was considerably thickened by the overnight visit of one William Randolph Hearst, who, strange to say, more forcefully presents the conservative business view than anyone else. We have not had a politician plucky enough to disregard the Hearst press support in a long time.

T. R. B.
Washington.

Other People's Money

*The Higher the Fewer—Fun with the Minneapolis
and St. Louis—The Farm Board
Blazed a Trail*

PRESIDENT Roosevelt told newspaper men recently that we must get prices up some more and that the administration will continue to push on toward that goal. Several millions of Americans are going to the polls in about two weeks. They would do well, as they finger their ballots, to ask themselves if they are in favor of raising prices.

In order to answer the question I thought I would go into a few stores and ask for prices today and prices a year ago so as to see what has happened to our pay checks under this amazing theory that you can increase purchasing power by increasing prices. Index numbers of retail prices are printed. But, as most people know, they are not worth the paper they are written on. I therefore went directly to several merchants for their records.

I visited my butcher. He was very obliging and got out his sales slips for June and July of 1933, for June and July of this year. I got from him also the prices for the day of my visit. I was careful to get prices on the same grades of meat on these dates.

In June and July, 1933, roast beef sold for 19 cents a pound and sometimes as low as 17 cents. In June and July of this year the price was 29 cents and now it is 29 cents. A few times recently it got up to 32 cents.

Sirloin steak cost 25 cents a pound last year; this year it has cost from 39 to 45 cents a pound. Porterhouse steak last year was 29 cents, this year 43 to 49 cents.

Leg of lamb sold last year at 19 cents a pound. This year the price is 25 cents and it has been as high as 29 to 31 cents. The butcher sadly commented that he was lucky to sell five legs of lamb a week while last year he sold five times that number. Somehow price raising didn't seem to help the purchasing power of those who like lamb.

Loin of pork was 12½ cents last year before the massacre of the little pigs to make Hoakum County safe for the democracy. Now the price is 25 cents—a 100-percent boost—which proves that the little pigs did not die in vain.

Then I went to a leading department store. I asked for today's prices on about a dozen articles whose price behavior has been typical. Then I asked that prices for precisely the same articles at various dates going back to before June, 1933, be given me. The store management very obligingly went to the trouble of furnishing these prices. They are very enlightening. For instance, I found that women's satin slippers (called mules) which were priced at \$1.29 before June are priced at \$2.29 now. Perhaps there has been a slaughter of mules as there was a slaughter of pigs. Here is a list of items with the comparative prices:

	Before June, 1933	Oct. 16, 1934
Sheets, 81 x 103.....	\$.84	\$1.14
Terry towels	.23	.39
Pinafores, women's.....	.21	.37
Smoked hams.....	.15	.27
Wool blankets.....	2.54	5.59
Shorts, men's broadcloth.....	.24	.47

Shoes, men's	4.94	5.49
Camel's hair coats, women's....	14.94	19.94
Pajamas, boy's broadcloth.....	.69	1.19
Suits, men's "Sackville".....	29.50	37.50
Shirts, men's broadcloth.....	.69	.94
Vests, women's glove silk.....	1.24	1.54
Middies, girls'.....	.84	1.29
Stockings, girls' silk.....	.69	.89

If I had room for the whole table it would be interesting. The steady mounting of the prices month by month is revealing. For instance, let us look at a single item by months—wool blankets. The price before June, 1933, was \$2.54. Then in June it was \$3.29; July, \$3.49; August, \$3.69; September, \$3.69; October, \$3.69; November, \$3.99; December, \$4.69; January, \$4.98; today, \$5.59.

Does it not seem reasonable that prices will rise naturally when demand increases and that demand will increase when there is an increase in purchasing power? But to try to increase purchasing by raising prices first looks like the maddest of mad notions. The surest way to decrease purchasing power is to raise prices. That is why the amount of goods sold in department stores this year is substantially less than was sold last year. That is why in August, 1933, department-store sales were represented by the index number 85 and in August, 1934, by 78. There was an actual drop of seven points in dollar volume. In merchandise volume the drop must have been very great—certainly not less than 20 percent.

In New York City the fish dealers went on strike against the rising prices of fish. The wholesalers were gouging them, they said. The prices of some fish, they said, had been doubled. The building industry is at its lowest point. Private building is practically at a standstill. Everyone agrees this industry has got to be revived before recovery can come. Yet building-material manufacturers have, with almost no demand and such as there is coming only from the government, forced building-material prices up at least 25 percent in the last year. The yellow-pine people under their shameful code have put the price of Southern yellow pine up from \$24 to \$32 a thousand board feet. Is this the way to stimulate a prostrate industry?

And now the President proposes to raise prices some more. Perhaps he ought to summon General Johnson back from the shadows.

The old follies of the R.F.C. under Hoover continue to be performed under the guidance of Mr. Roosevelt's Jesse H. Jones. The government is still keeping busted railroads in business and paying interest charges on railroad bonds. But this week a new device makes its appearance. The Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad has been in receivership for eleven years. This did not prevent it from borrowing money from the R.F.C. But now apparently its plight is recognized to be hopeless. The great object now is to bail out its bondholders. It would be interesting to know who they are. At all events, Mr. Jesse H. Jones now proposes to have the seven railroads which compete with the Minneapolis and St. Louis buy it out and lend them more government funds with which to do it. This, I suppose, is just another brand of what Mr. Mark Sullivan calls Roosevelt's socialism—lending private capitalists

government money to buy out a privately owned railroad.

There is a further little tidbit of news about the Minneapolis and St. Louis. Some years ago the bonds were sold somewhere above 100 by F. J. Lisman and Company, then members of the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Lisman has since turned up with a corporation interested in securities. About a month ago he began looking up his old Minneapolis and St. Louis customers, offering to take back the bonds, not of course at 100—times and receiverships had changed things—but still he would be glad to take them back at a much lower figure, said to be about 45. Perhaps three weeks after Mr. Lisman began his charitable shopping, the R.F.C.'s proposal to sell the road appeared on the financial pages. Mr. Lisman must be an acute speculator.

After reading several Republican blasts against the infamy of ploughing under cotton and murdering little pigs I found myself, as part of the day's work, browsing among the back numbers of *The New York Times*. And on August 12, 1931, I came across an item to the effect that the Federal Farm Board, named by Mr. Hoover and made up of some very large-dimensioned business men, had that day appealed to the Governors of fourteen cotton states to urge all the growers to plow under every third row of the crop.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

Are the Unemployed Paupers?—The Right to Vote but Not to Bargain—New York's Cure: Relief Plus Blackjacks

ARE PEOPLE on relief to be regarded, in the old poor-law tradition, merely as paupers? Or are they to be granted the same democratic rights commonly possessed by other citizens who are able and willing to work? Here is a problem that has received little attention or publicity, yet one that the Roosevelt administration ought to deal with promptly and realistically. For increasingly the actions of relief officials, both federal and local, reflect an assumption on their part that relief workers have no more rights than ordinary wards of the state. Which is to say, of course, virtually none at all. Absurdly unreal as this attitude is—when nearly a fifth of the population is on relief—its consequences in relief administration are real and, at times, tragic.

One phase of this problem came to President Roosevelt's attention last week when he was informed at his press conference that action had been taken in twelve states to deny a vote to persons on relief—on the basis that they were paupers. The President expressed his vigorous opposition to these tactics, declaring that he did not believe any court in the land would classify as paupers persons who were willing to work. Anyone suggesting such a course, he said, would be suggesting a thoroughly un-American procedure.

This is all to the good, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt's concern does not end merely with the right of franchise. For valuable though it is, there are other rights

of equal, if not greater, importance to the well-being of persons on relief projects. In many states, for example, it is extremely doubtful whether they are entitled to the benefits of protective labor legislation—meager as such protection usually is. At the last session of the New York State Legislature they were specifically denied workmen's compensation. Furthermore, the courts of six states have recently held that persons engaged on work-relief projects are not entitled to the benefits of workmen's compensation laws. And quite contrary to President Roosevelt's faith in our judicial system, these decisions were based on the general theory that the unemployed, even though working on relief projects, were legally wards of the state, that is, paupers. However correct this may be as legal doctrine, it is obviously anti-social. To place the burden of injury or death on the unemployed worker and his family is simply to increase the likelihood of their ultimate pauperization.

Especially disconcerting is the fact that this pauper theory, once it is accepted, pervades the whole of relief-administration policy. One of its most vicious corollaries is the official attitude that relief recipients are not entitled to protest—no matter how unfairly or inadequately the relief may be administered. As a consequence, attempts of the unemployed to organize or protest are frequently put down with indefensible force and brutality.

A particularly flagrant expression of this policy recently occurred in New York City when a squad of policemen, without apparent provocation, set upon and severely beat a delegation of unemployed in the reception room of one of the Home Relief Bureaus. The delegation had been promised an audience with the relief official in charge and had been waiting peacefully to present their grievance when the police attack took place. Subsequently, when Miss Sidonia Dawson, one of the social workers at the Bureau who witnessed the affair, protested the police brutality to her supervisor, she was peremptorily discharged. Since Miss Dawson had been an employee of the Bureau for more than two years and her work had always been considered satisfactory, she demanded and received a letter of dismissal. This letter, signed by the assistant director of Emergency Home Relief, told Miss Dawson that her "activities, both inside and outside of the precinct office during the past week, have indicated that it is no longer desirable to have you remain on the staff."

Obviously, this whole episode hardly makes sense by itself. Nor does Welfare Commissioner Hodson's explanation of it help a great deal. Relying solely on the testimony of the police and relief officials, whose actions Miss Dawson had criticized, Mr. Hodson defends her dismissal on the ground that she misrepresented the facts of the case at a public meeting. In any event, he declares, the police must use force to combat force—and they are the best judges of how much force can be judiciously used. If they decide that blackjacks are the thing, then social workers, presumably, must hold their peace—or lose their jobs.

This sounds absurd and unreasonable until, of course, one examines the premise—the official policy toward relief workers. As recently expressed by Henry Epstein, solicitor general and counsel to the New York Temporary Emergency Relief Administration, in one of its official bulletins,

this policy assumes that relief employment "is a form of public welfare aid and not the accepted form of employer-employee relationship." Thus Mr. Epstein concludes, not surprisingly, that relief workers have no right to make demands, strike or picket. Since Miss Dawson was active not only in demanding better treatment for people on relief but also in organizing a new union among employees of the Home Relief Bureau, her dismissal becomes more understandable. That is, while a public speech—even inaccurate—would hardly warrant the discharge of an efficient worker, one can readily see why it would not be desirable to have on the relief staff a person possessing heretical ideas.

The real significance of the Dawson case has been excellently stated by the Home Relief Bureau Employees' Association, the union to which she belonged. Her dismissal, the union points out, "condoning as it does the use of police in administering relief can serve only two purposes: to intimidate the unemployed into submissive acceptance of inhumane relief standards and to create a situation where no Home Relief Bureau worker will dare to protest brutality against relief clients." Such an atmosphere, obviously, militates against free organization of the employees and is thus, in effect, an attack on the right to organize.

From the denial of simple rights to oppression and abuse seems to be a short step for relief officials. Both in Wisconsin and New York, workers who refused to accept relief because of burdensome conditions imposed upon them have been found guilty by the courts of neglecting their families. In one case, an unemployed man refused to work on a highway project because the county paid him only 20 percent of his wages in cash, crediting the balance to relief that had already been furnished his family. He held that he was entitled to his full wages. On his return from a "hunger march" to Madison, the capital, he was arrested and later convicted of deserting his family. In the New York case, the father of four children was declared to have "neglected" his children when he refused to surrender his automobile license in order to obtain relief.

Commenting on these cases, the International Juridical Association declares that they indicate that "the broad powers vested in relief authorities are being extended far beyond relief administration. . . . When the courts stretch neglect and desertion statutes to cover these cases, they are making submission to regulations of relief authorities compulsory by throwing workers into jail or taking their children away from them unless they submit." It should also be noted, in view of Mr. Hopkins' declaration that strikers participating in "unjustifiable strikes" will not be given federal relief, that through such rulings many workers may be similarly bludgeoned into returning to their jobs. In Iowa, it is noteworthy, five unemployed, protesting against the administration of relief, have been indicted under the state criminal-syndicalism statute.

The problem of relief is admittedly difficult. It is hardly to be solved or simplified, however, by the oppression and intimidation of the unemployed. Until a comprehensive and adequate system of relief is established, their voice should be encouraged to the utmost. And even when the happy day comes when all the needy are decently provided for, even then it will still not be time to deprive them of the right of free speech.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

After Superrealism

MR. SWEENEY'S book,¹ with its long title—"Plastic Redirections in Twentieth Century Painting"—and its fifty short pages of text, does a great deal to clarify the background of modern art. As a painter I feel that it has a fault common to many art histories, that of jumping from generality to generality. I feel that it tends to herd artists into blind alleys and out again, and omits to consider many important individuals who were outside of the group movements—men like Manet, Degas, Dauterive and Lautrec, whose work cannot be conveniently fixed by this type of historical diagnosis. On the other hand, the book is not intended primarily for painters. It is written for people who look at pictures and would like to know what they mean, what the artists were trying to do. For this purpose it supplies an especially clear and intelligent summary, and the forty-six plates are chosen so that they really illuminate the text.

In nineteenth-century France, with its rise of industrialism, its drifting and decaying social order, its overwhelming faith in everything scientific, Mr. Sweeney places the artist in his bewilderment and confusion—"Life had become cheap and ugly"—his cherished ideals were being undermined. Everywhere there was an "increasing emphasis on material values," and gone too were the last vestiges of dogma and authority. Being alienated from the body of society, the artist became merely an instrument for recording impressions, a detached observer to whom "all things were of equal value as they are to a sensitized photographic plate." Finally, "the last quarter of the century saw art's proudest objective an elegant disinfected scientific documentation."

Out of the scientific documentation arose a scientific attitude, formulated by a group of painters known as "Impressionists." They actually borrowed scientific observations from the field of physics. Their laboratories experimented in the breaking up of light and color, the color spectrum, and applied its effects promiscuously in thousands of monotonous paintings of sunlight—sunlight playing over the water, on buildings, during different hours of the day; landscapes galore, all wrapped in pink and lavender gauze. They developed an easy formula for almost anybody to use, but left theoretically nothing for the serious artist to take hold of.

Seurat, Van Gogh, Gauguin and Cézanne were of the serious opinion that painting should be put back on a solid basis. They looked very hard for some style after which to build their pictures. Seurat worked his shapes down to simple silhouettes. He was building pictures scientifically, tenaciously, dot by dot, in that curious technique of his. Gauguin went off to the South Seas and became immersed in the forms of a primitive people, in order to clear his head of European life, which he felt to be foul and degrading. Cézanne, with almost tragic perseverance, labored to reconcile his Impressionist heritage and its notions of spectral color with his form-through-color idea. It was not this purpose, but rather his passionate analysis, his desire to get

¹ Plastic Redirections in Twentieth Century Painting, by James Johnson Sweeney. The University of Chicago Press. 121 pages, including 46 plates. \$1.50.

under the surface of objects, to feel their weight, to make them real, that cleared the way for a new outlook and cleaned the late-nineteenth-century air of its sweet brown dust.

The early twentieth century, in the progress of this idea, sought to reduce art further to fundamentals, to get closer to the source. If Cézanne was trying to express the relationship of real objects in a picture, the new artists became interested in the relationships in the picture itself in its purest essence, completely abstracted from nature. They sought farther into the past and higher into the stratosphere, far from the sight of mother nature and the poisonous excretions of the painter soul, to become so pure that they almost ceased to exist. My personal impressions of the period during which these doctrines absorbed me were probably no more curious than the impressions of many others. I remember the religious zeal with which I set out to find truth in painting's true domain. Whatever painting's function was, was relatively unimportant, but it was important to discover its *first principles*, or rather rediscover them as they were known (so I thought) to painters long ago. Painting was all alike, an artifice anyway, but the crystallization of two or more colors, tones and patterns in perfectly balanced relation within the limited area of the picture—that was reality. It was clearly the problem of the modern painter to build firmly by developing his technique from these rigid beginnings, to purge himself of all individualistic tendencies (again the artist's touch) and to flagellate himself when, in a moment of temptation, these tendencies appeared. He should devote himself to the cause of purity and precision and to the construction of a vast, impersonal, technical machinery that would become, some day, the perfect vehicle for expression.

I remember the delight in finding corroboration of what I considered permanent values in painting in the combination of certain colors in a pattern on an Egyptian sarcophagus or an early Chinese scroll, a Greek vase or a medieval painting. It seemed very significant; I considered that the comprehension of these combinations was the key to painting, the blood and tissues that kept alive through the ages. Of the contemporary painters, the Purists and Constructionists appealed to me more than the Cubists—at least in their theories. The Cubists were doing complicated calisthenics and seemed to have lost track of our heroic mission. Weren't they merely making tasteful pictures opportunely, using the motives of African sculpture or the "Machine" or the simple still life? Weren't they vulgarizing the spirit and content of African art by using it as decoration? Had they assimilated the values that originally attracted them to primitive art and the "Machine"?

Picasso was my special disappointment. I couldn't think of the renegade without bitterness. Here he was, the most talented painter in Europe, who seemed to see the issues clearly, even at times brilliantly, with a natural gift of articulation, yet he swung deftly like a trapeze artist from one technique to another without principle; always it was a neat trick. And always there was applause. It was this virtuosity that was contaminating the meaning and purpose of the whole revolution.

Hans Arp wrote, "Man calls abstract that which is concrete. It is impossible for him to contemplate as art anything other than a landscape prepared with vinegar and oil,

or a lady's shanks cast in marble or bronze. But a picture object or a sculpture object for which no natural object was pretext, I can find as concrete and perceptible as a leaf or a stone." There was still too much "illusion" and "naturalness" that was hampering painting, and had to be dissolved. The road to pure art through further distillation became very hazardous. The famous story about the Purist painter who reduced form to a square and a circle, then put the square within the circle and the circle within the square, and then a bullet through his own head, is characteristic of the impotence and despair artists felt. It was all too rational, and you had to be an ascetic and a genius to go through with it. Brancusi the sculptor alone of all the crusaders managed to survive.

The Cubists were always eloquent in the elucidation of their problems. They were working towards a new vision, a new perspective, a new conception of space, a new plastic organization, a new archaism and a monumentality of form. These pronouncements were a thin disguise for their paintings. According to Mr. Sweeney, Braque and Picasso, by 1911, "had achieved an analysis of form so complete that there was little more to be accomplished." So much so that they were considered academic?

Experiments went on apace, and acrimony and counter-statements, while here and there, in scattered corners of Europe, individual painters were trying to find salvation in their own way. The Italian Giorgio di Chirico and the German Paul Klee unveiled a new avenue through poetry and through self-expression, through the remote world of the subconscious, through dreams and fantasy. The Cubists were being attacked by the Futurists, who cried for "movement" and the "vibrations of life through new dynamics of form"; they said that the Cubists were freezing painting into the conventions of the past. Later the Dadaists attacked the Cubists for still having a belief in logic, and incidentally for still painting pictures. As the Dadaists pretended not to believe in anything, they could indulge in elaborate burlesques. They burlesqued everything, including themselves; those were hysterical days. But unfortunately there always seems to be that sad moment when the game becomes serious, when the clowns shed real tears; the burlesque becomes too well formulated, conventioned and easily adaptable.

It was here that the tradition of form, that whole system of intellectual analysis which developed from impressionism to cubism, lost its thesis. This was the real parting of the ways. The Surrealists, who have more or less inherited the ideology of Dadaism, have developed their own way of painting pictures, now pretty sterile. They have lost all the pathological frenzy they began with. There is nothing new or revealing in their arrangements of symbols, no new relationships articulated to suggest clearer communications. They too are only making pictures, as artists, I suppose, always must.

I wish that Mr. Sweeney had emphasized the cleavage of interest in the later manifestations of modern art, instead of carrying through his diagnosis as if the transition was gradual, and I wish he had distinguished more between the revolution of technique that ended with Cubism and the revolution of idea that began with the Dadaists and Surrealists.

Think back over the stormy period covered by this book

(some fifty years) with its violent credo in the midst of a violent world; and examine the Muse herself. The present moment is ominously calm. The smoke is drifting away, the tumult dying. What has happened to the Muse? She certainly has changed. She has been through the War. She isn't dressed in that long Grecian robe any more. She has a strange costume, or rather a miscellany of costumes—a short dress in broad loud checks, an old brocaded cape with oriental embroidery held together with a cameo brooch, finely cut; she has the remains of an old Grecian sandal on one foot, and on the other a glittering rhinestone dancing slipper. She wears a series of gears, one over the other, on her arm, the way Bush Negroes wear their bracelets, and, to top everything off, a quaint old Victorian hat with tiny snail shells dangling from the brim. Her body has lost its statuesqueness and repose and appears more agile than before. Her mouth, which was always parted in a Grecian half-smile, looks drawn and sharp from passion and hard laughter. Instead of a shy expression, poised in reminiscence, she stares at you frankly, but there is a confused look on her face, and around her everybody is bestirring himself for battle. She certainly will have to shed some of those funny garments.

PETER BLUME.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Langer Disagrees

[BY TELEGRAPH]

SIR: Have just seen your article entitled "North Dakota Seeks a Demagogue" [The New Republic, October 3]. I suggest you investigate my record before being misled again. We lowered appropriations last session from ten million to four and one-half and led every state. We brought the value of our bonds up from 62 to 103. We paid off all interest and three million of the principal on our bonded indebtedness. We led in percentage in signing up for the A.A.A. We had one hundred and five operations on crippled children and they will be able to earn their own living. We reduced the cost of flour one dollar per barrel. Our embargo on wheat raised the price on durum wheat. We reduced interest rates one percent and utility rates 30 percent all over North Dakota, and at Bismarck for state building from nine to one cent per kilowatt hour. Why class me a demagogue because of a conviction based on prejudice, hatred and crookedness? At Columbia I was also valedictorian of my class. Why was that left out of the enumeration? You have a wonderful chance to send a good reporter out here to demonstrate that this federal government found one governor they could neither intimidate nor bribe by relief and just watch the voters here on election day.

WILLIAM LANGER,
Governor, North Dakota.

Bismarck, N. D.

The McCoy in Person

SIR: My apologies to the editors of The New Republic, if any of them feel insulted by the suggestion that a hoax might find its way into their columns of correspondence. I trust that the tone of my remarks made it clear to the readers of the magazine, if not to its editors, that I admire neither the poetry of Mr. Engle nor its favorable criticism by Michigan's incredible Mr. Gosling; earlier, privately, I had written Mr. Cowley in praise of his remarks. The question whether or not Rolfe Humphries is a real person was not raised by me, nor does it seem pertinent to the discussion; however, if the question becomes one of urgent moment, I should, naturally, welcome an opportunity to appear for the affirmative.

New York City.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

A Demonstration for Relief

SIR: Forty or fifty million people in this country are living "below the poverty level," according to the Department of Labor and the Brookings Institute. Five million families will need relief this winter, according to Mr. Richberg. Terrific pressure is being exerted, however, to cut down government expenditures, and so every day sees hundreds, even thousands, dropped from the relief rolls in many sections of the country. The National Unemployed League considers it imperative, therefore, that the attention of the nation be focused on the problem of unemployment and the needs of the unemployed. In collaboration with the Illinois Workers' Alliance, the Eastern Federation of Unemployed and Emergency Workers, the Wisconsin Federation of Unemployed Workers, etc., the N.U.L., which itself has branches or associated groups in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, West Virginia, North Carolina, Mississippi and many other states, is calling for a nationwide demonstration at all local and county relief centers at 10:00 A.M., on Saturday, November 24.

Unemployment insurance; pending the establishment of an unemployment-insurance system, direct relief at \$15 per week for a family of two; a more extensive system of public works to provide jobs on a basis of a minimum of \$30 for a 30-hour week; federal disability compensation on all public projects; the right of workers on public works to organize and engage in collective bargaining, are among the demands that will be popularized in parades and meetings on that day. The indispensable preliminary work of printing and distributing leaflets and publicity and sending out organizers so that the plans will be uniformly and effectively carried out by the local groups, must now be done. Money for the purpose is badly needed and will be better spent than on hit-or-miss charity for individuals. Remittances should be sent to Ted Selander, Treasurer, 214 East Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio.

J. B. S. HARDMAN, SIDNEY HOOK, JAMES BURNHAM,
LOUIS F. BUDENZ, A. J. MUSTE.

New York City.

Extracts from Letters

THE Youth Section of the American League Against War and Fascism, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, announces an International Congress of Students against war and fascism to meet at Geneva, December 29 to December 31, 1934. All student groups and organizations are invited to elect delegates.

A. Alan Clark writes to announce the founding of the Oakland (California) Labor College under the auspices of the Central Labor Council of Alameda County. Donations of books or magazine subscriptions are invited and should be sent to Mr. Clark at Box 307, Berkeley, California.

The Jewish Frontier, a monthly publication of social, economic and literary interests, is announced to appear in December. It will not only deal with America, but also will carry correspondence on trends in labor and letters from England, Palestine, Germany, Austria and other centers of Jewish life. Its policy will be to concentrate attention on the growing economic and social awareness of the Jewish masses in this country and Europe. Contributions, articles or drawings, should be sent to 1225 Broadway, New York City.

Further comment on Guy Irving Burch's article, "The Catholics on Birth Control" [The New Republic, September 5] has come from Dan Walsh of Chicago: "Births can be and have been controlled by infanticide, abortion, contraception and periodic or total abstinence. Mr. Burch would most likely object to the government allying itself with the promoters of the first two methods. Catholics, as citizens, have a right to object to the government allying itself with the advocates and manufacturers of contraceptives for the same fundamental reason, particularly since a scientific, dependable, natural method is available—the rhythm method. Mr. Burch contends that 'this confidence in the rhythm theory is not shared by the medical profession generally.' I do not know of a single authority in the field of reproductive physiology who, at the present time, calls into question the validity of the rhythm theory. Does he? It would help the discussion if we got some names."

Hands Down at the Sides

IF YOU asked a good Broadway theatre worker what they were all doing, he would tell you they were busy. Busy from the start of the rehearsals, four weeks of rehearsing, hours on end, things put through to a T, smooth-working, professional. Professional— Sometimes I think that in the New York theatre the difference between a professional and an amateur effect is that the amateur seems to be knowing there is something more and the professional does not know that there is anything else. Professional in the good sense is passing from our stage. Once it was upheld by the roaring and declaimers of the old school (any school is "old"), and after that it continued to be reassured by the strong measures of vaudeville, a place where people had to go over the footlights or perish.

Actors like Walter Huston, Lynn Fontanne, Dudley Digges, Ruth Gordon, Roland Young give thoroughly professional performances, just as actors like Madame Ouspenskaya give performances of genius. All such players search out their roles, find the possibilities of variety and seek a constant technical freshening. As you watch their work you have that combined sense of reality and performance that makes it acting. And if you know much about acting you can even watch them filling in, bridging the play's gaps and lapses with invention and support. There is a certain pleasure in seeing that the actor is fighting for breath where no lines and no drama have been given him to attack: we see instead that it is now he who is creating all that arises on the stage. Meantime, however, what are the hundreds of actors that we are asked to see in scenery doing when they are not there? They seem to have little enough vitality on the stage; we are left to conclude that they are very busy in general. A busy, tired town, perhaps. Busy about what it is easy to see, a little of everything getting everywhere. Tired is rather more difficult: they are tired, doubtless, because they use their faculties so little; for what tires is not work but a perpetual, semi-thwarted futility. How far they describe the drift of our country may be left for consideration. If Christianity did a great thing for love by making it a sin, which is what M. Anatole France believed, puritanism did a bad thing for work by making it a virtue.

I have no doubt the actors we see at the Theatre Guild or at "Lost Horizons," by Messrs. Harry Segall and John Hayden, at the St. James Theatre—which serves as the occasion of these reflections—feel that they must stick to their art, what among other things, God bless us! But sticking to one's art is only a matter of conscience. What is needed is living within the consciousness of an art, with its problems, its discipline, its gymnasium of private practice. (How for example, do you sit down, try it before the mirror until you know at least what is the problem—this is not to speak of what an artist is.) In relation to this conscious life within an art the actual performance, or the development of a role, is only incidental, exactly as our daily actions proceed from what we habitually are and think and build to be ourselves. The absence of this living, thinking and technical practice results in all such arrays of flatness as appear in "Lost Horizons," and, it is only fair to say, throughout most of our Broadway theatre.

The motif of "Lost Horizons" is a good one. A young actress has given up the stage and lived four years with the man she loves. The day comes when he gets his chance: he can go to New York with a career in the law ahead of him. In the same breath he tells the girl that he has changed his mind, he finds that he no longer wishes to marry her. He leaves and she shoots herself.

The second scene shows her in the next world, where they bring her the books of various people whose lives might have been different if she had gone on with life. We see then a group of what amounts to small plays in which the turning point of these lives is exhibited. There is a young woman betrayed, left in a boarding-house, while the same man pursues another young woman—better dressed—ready to elope with him. There is a Mr. Grayson murdered—we learn later by a woman, a millionaire's sister at that—and the wrong man is convicted on circumstantial evidence. There is a stock-company director, big with a drama which for lack of the right actress, and in the weakness of his spirit, he yields to his leading lady. She in turn so murders it that the great New York producer, coming all the way to Kansas City to look it over, refuses to buy, and the dramatist, seeing his name so writ in water as it will be, kills himself. The second half of the play shows what might have happened if Miss Wyatt (the heroine whose name in the story is Evans) had gone on and lived. Everything would have turned out differently in each of these cases, or so the play tells us, one of the chief points being that the heroine marries the director-dramatist. A brief final scene in "Lost Horizons" returns to the other world, and there we see the girl at the long table with the books of these other people finished. The lover of those latter scenes walks in; she holds out her hand in vain.

The defect of these scenes, where they do go wrong, which is oftener than not, is what proceeds from the defect I have been discussing. What the play needs to consummate its motif is (plus brains and reflection) a grand gesture; which is to say the girl's existence would have swept, through her quality and presence, the lives of these other human beings into another outcome and destiny. As it happens, the story is often changed merely because she happens to be there. No thought or profundity can result. Now and then, however, there is the suggestion of true invention or image, as in that mere moment of the last scene, where all the motif is swept up in that failure of the dramatist to recognize the girl's call, which he might have done if she had not left life so rashly. As this girl, Miss Jane Wyatt does much good work. Her voice has become very lovely, with new cadences in the manner of various actresses plus herself. What she needs most is vividness at intervals and a search for variety in attack.

The main theme of this article returns in the statement that you have rarely seen in serious drama so many people coming on the stage. There are people by the dozen. They must have been bought by the dozen. And the application of this point is this: what do they mean, all these people walking on, holding their hands down at their sides, their spirits also? What do they think of in general off stage? And how far are these innumerable actors representative of the whirl—about very little—of New York in art? A provincial coming to the city would wonder.

STARK YOUNG.

B O O K S I N R E V I E W

Man with a Hoe

HERE IS a new sort of book about the Kentucky hills.¹ The others were written from the outside, by townspeople who had spent a few months or years among the hillsmen and had learned something about their customs, their ballads, their dialect. Usually these "furriners" were kind and sympathetic, but there was showmanship in their gestures, and in their voices a creeping hint of condescension. They seemed to be asking, "Aren't these people lovably quaint? Aren't they pitiable in their ignorance and rags? Can't we *do* something for them?" Charity visitors, they reined their horses outside a mountain cabin and benevolently watched the barefooted children scampering in the dust, without ever getting down from their own high saddles. Jesse Stuart is a poet who lives inside the cabin and writes about the life he knows best. He writes about side-hill farmers, moonshiners and loggers, not because they are picturesque but because they are his own people. More often he writes about the land itself—

The land of oak trees and the scrubby pine
And sawbriars under the persimmon tree

—because it is his own land, because he knows the smell of it when his plow turns it over and the feel of it between his bare toes.

Jesse Stuart was born in 1907; he comes from W-Hollow, in Greenup County, in the far northeastern corner of Kentucky. He says that "my father's people, the Stuarts and Stewarts, are, and have been, feudists, killers, boozers, country preachers Republicans and fine soldiers. My mother's people, the Hiltons, are, and have been, country school teachers, moonshiners, rebels and Democrats. They have all been pioneers in the Big Sandy Valley and the mountains of Kentucky." There is an easy American myth which holds that the pioneers, after crossing Cumberland Gap with Daniel Boone, pushed westward—or rather their grandsons pushed westward—to dig for gold in California and later to become the ancestors of the great American industrialists. Justice is mystically done—men died to open the Middle West, to conquer a continent, and lo! their descendants are rewarded with a controlling interest in Midwest Utilities and Continental Can. But the truth is that the great Western fortunes were made by men who crossed the mountains after the country was safely settled and the Indians herded away. The pioneers themselves were mostly poor men, driven onward by their poverty and never able to rise out of it. Today their children's great-grandchildren are digging coal in southern Indiana or sharecropping in the Arkansas river bottoms, or perhaps plowing a hill farm in eastern Kentucky. They have never seen anything but the underside of American business enterprise. Jesse Stuart himself, who paid for his education by digging ditches and mowing hay, says that he is "the first of my people to finish college." More important, he is the first spokesman that the pioneers of the Kentucky hills have found among themselves.

His book contains 703 poems, all of about the same length, that is, from fourteen to sixteen lines. Jesse Stuart calls them sonnets, but they are not sonnets by any rules that

Petrarch or Shakespeare would recognize: rather, they are short lyrics, sometimes with refrains, often with repetitions that take the place of rhymes. "Man with a Bull Tongue Plow" is approximately seven times as long as an ordinary collection of verse, yet I should judge that it contains no more than half the poems written by this young man of twenty-seven; I have seen many others in manuscript, and some of them are better than any of those included here. He writes entirely too much for his own good or the reader's. At least half the time he is careless, trite or perfunctory; but always he is speaking in his own words about his own people, and he doesn't know how to lie.

He shows us the mountaineers, huge families of them, living in one-room pine-pole shacks on the hillside, with gourd vines growing over the porch and two or three hound dogs sleeping under it in the warm dust. He gives us the feel of the dooryard, with its "paths worn bare enough for feet to tell," and the look of the picket fence outside, where glass fruit jars are upturned on the palings. With the "country ikes" we ride into town on muleback; we learn to share their hatred for the merchants, the Pin Hooks, who rob them of their profits from a crop of Burley tobacco. We hear stories about feuds and lynchings and shotgun marriages. We visit country dances where Blind Frailey the fiddler plays "Girl with the Blue Dress On" and "Waltz the Hall"; we are there when the boys drink white corn liquor and begin fighting in the moonlight. Best of all, we take part in the work that keeps these people alive. We help to burn sprouts from the new-ground fields before the spring planting, and in summer we march out with the whole family, from the grandmother down to the boys of six or seven, "to peck our hoes deep in the golden clay." Anybody who has driven through the Kentucky mountains has seen these families working together on the steep hillside, all of them ragged as beggars and lean as foxes, the men in overalls and worn brogans, the women and children barefoot. Anybody could describe them vividly or write eloquent addresses to the Men with Hoes, but Jesse Stuart gives us the accurate notation of how it feels to be working among them:

The loam is hot to filter between toes,
It's smothersome in tall corn to use hoes
And cut pusley and careless from the rows.

At their best, his poems have the springtime freshness of medieval ballads. Their worst fault is that they are written without effort or economy. Jesse Stuart says everything at least twice. The lines come to him quickly and he sets them down as they come, without seeming to know the difference between the good and the bad ones, between the thoughts that are his own and those that have been expressed, not once before but ten thousand times, by every poetaster since the first bastard children of Homer. It is true that by using new images he can sometimes lend new color to a very old conceit. Thus, when he describes the beauty of his lady (whom the medieval poets endowed with skin white as snow, lips red as blood, hair black as the raven's wing), he invents a whole set of fresh comparisons:

Her teeth were bloodroot white—her hair was black
As thick rain clouds—her lips were soft as new
Bark peeled from a slippery elm and her back
Was straight as a horseweed upon the shore.
Her legs were brown as the buff-colored corn.

¹ Man with a Bull Tongue Plow, by Jesse Stuart. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 361 pages. \$3.

He can even dress the moon in a new epithet—"the sliced muskmelon moon"—but there are times when he simply parrots what other poets have said. There are times, too, when he is not only conventional but colt-awkward, tangled in his feet; at his worst this Kentucky poet is scarcely better than the Sweet Singer of Michigan. He shows little power of organization, even in the separate poems. The book as a whole would be vastly improved if it were arranged on some coherent and simple theme—the life of a hillman, for example, or the cycle of the Kentucky seasons. As it is, the poems are tossed at us helter-skelter until they end by beating down our enthusiasm. Half of the book, yes, three-fourths of it, could be destroyed without loss to its author or to the world; but even if we saved only twenty of the best poems out of seven hundred we should still be left with a considerable body of fresh and honest writing. The Kentucky hillmen have offered their first contribution to American literature. I hope they profit by this gift they have made; I hope the hillmen remember the best of Jesse Stuart's poems and use them to strengthen their own good tradition.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Spilling the Bean-Trust

New Frontiers, by Henry A. Wallace. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 320 pages. \$2.

IN THIS book Secretary Wallace lets out of the bag one big black cat and one litter of lusty, yowling kittens. The cat is the frank recognition of the enormous part played in legislation and administration by the paid lobbies of powerful special interests. The kittens are such things as the admission that several important features of the New Deal represent, not the deliberate and mature wishes and policies of the administration, but the requirements of self-seeking pressure-groups, whose demands were too insistent and vigorous to be withstood; and that the N.I.R.A. and the associated codes were the product, not of a group of visionary, professorial brain trusters, but of a lot of hard-boiled business men interested in group price fixing.

As for the lobbyists, it is scarcely news that this is a government of, by and for the people only to a very limited extent, and that a considerable part of what actually takes place at any time is done in response to the dictation of relatively very small groups who know quite definitely what they want and how to get it. But for a high official in the federal administration to come out so squarely and proclaim the unsavory facts from the top of the Washington Monument, as it were, is a novelty—and a very refreshing one.

Indeed, the whole volume is very much of a novelty. It is as unhackneyed as the F. D. Roosevelt administration itself. Its author frankly takes his public behind the official scenes, tries to show them clearly what has been, and is, going on there, and reveals how reluctantly many of the most important measures were undertaken, and how distasteful they are even to himself.

There is a rather disarming naïveté about Mr. Wallace's book, not only with respect to his attitude toward his work and his constituency, but in his underlying philosophy itself. He admits that he is often considered too idealistic, but he does not recede from his positive and optimistic outlook. The book as a whole may be distributed into two sections: a detailed history and explanation of such parts of the New Deal as Secretary Wallace is particularly responsible for, and a plea for a planned social economy and a controlled network of economic relationships. For the layman, the greater interest will be in the latter.

The society Mr. Wallace envisions is one in which the production of the infinite variety of goods and services would be so nicely balanced that there would be an abundance of each, but no surplus; while prices would be so admirably adjusted that the incomes of all industrious workers would be adequate if not lavish. His frankness is demonstrated by his admission that such a society would require for its functioning a complete reorganization of human nature, with the substitution of motives of coöperation and fair play for those of greed and selfishness. His optimism shows in his belief that such a transformation is possible. "The land beyond the new frontier," he says, "will be conquered by the continuous social inventions of men whose hearts are free from bitterness, hatred, greed and fear, by men whose hearts are aflame with the extraordinary beauty of the scientific, artistic and spiritual wealth now before us, if only we reach out confidently, together."

But such a society will not be socialistic or communistic, and presumably not fascist. This would be the "land of nightmare." Just why Mr. Wallace prefers his society to a logically and consistently socialized regime it is difficult to see. To one reader, at least, it appears that the necessary regulations and limitations of the use of property would reduce the much prized prerogative of ownership to an empty shell, while the amount of official dictation and regimentation would be far more irritating and irksome than under a genuinely socialized system. Besides, the temptation to graft and governmental manipulation would be much more difficult to resist than in a society where competition had been unreservedly discarded as the driving motive of economic life. But though all these faults may be found with its practicality, a book like Mr. Wallace's is a welcome departure from the smug, trite and all too familiar apologies for things as they are and always have been.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Marx to Engels to Lenin

Lenin on Britain: A Compilation with an Introduction by Harry Pollitt. New York: International Publishers. 332 pages. \$3.

MANY OF the selections from Lenin's writings of which this volume is composed, appear now for the first time in English. The passages have been selected with a view primarily to their bearing on British problems, but their interest is really universal; as a genuine internationalist and Marxist dialectician, Lenin simply could not deal with any subject or country without relating it to other subjects and countries. Thus the problem of nationalities is linked with the labor movement; English labor politics with English economy, colonial policy and imperialism; English imperialism with the rival Continental imperialisms and the subject peoples and races. The volume is a vast storehouse of facts illumined by a powerful intellect, and that intellect mastered by the will-to-revolution. It should serve as an excellent introduction to the study of Marxian revolutionary politics. Indeed, as a many-sided application of the Marxian theory to the problems of revolutionary policy, I know of no book to rival it.

Lenin was given to quoting extensively from the writings of Marx and Engels, particularly from their intimate letters. The reader of this volume is thus offered many a glimpse into this vast correspondence, hardly any of which is at present accessible in English. Here is one example, taken from a letter of Engels to Marx in 1858: "The British working class is actually becoming more and more

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bourgeois, so that this most bourgeois of all [European] nations is apparently aiming ultimately at the possession of a bourgeois aristocracy and a bourgeois proletariat as well as a bourgeoisie. Of course, this is to a certain extent justifiable [i.e., natural, explicable] for a nation which is exploiting the whole world."

The editor's explanatory notes are not invariably a model of correctness.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

From the Ladies

Their Own Country, by Valma Clark. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Mary Peters, by Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Never Any More, by Nancy Hale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

The Cold Journey, by Grace Zaring Stone. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

VALMA CLARK'S novel is about York State characters of the middle class. It gets under way with a fleshiness and an intensity that unfortunately turn feverish later on. Jim Thorpe is a druggist, an inarticulate but thoughtful man who had wanted to be a farmer; his wife Claudia is an idle pretty woman. To them come Claudia's cousin, Abby Winslow, an orphan, twelve years old, an inordinately sensitive creature. The long development of Abby's relationship with Jim is skillful, fairly convincing, but not exactly modern, for it depends on mysticisms made up out of whole cloth rather than out of the truth of these characters. The girl, for instance, who has become a successful poetess, tells Jim "They can talk about the subconscious mind, but I know it's the divine conscience. . . . Writing is prayer." The vulgarity of Claudia, the jealousy of a spinster sister, force Jim to act definitely for Abby's happiness, but he is too late. Apparently this was to have been on the exquisite Emily Dickinson pattern, but indeed it is not.

"Mary Peters" is partly of country life, also of the sea. The girl, born on her father's ship, sees all the ports of the world before she goes to the academy in the Maine village of her heritage. Her brother is more harmoniously related to the soil than to the water, but with the same principle of order and need for peacefulness, at heart, as she. While these two live out their time the state of Maine changes to a vacation country. Miss Chase has taken a rather nebulous formula by which to shape her book: Mary Peters, having seen Cadiz in the early morning, was to return to it in spirit many times as the symbol of security, stability and quiet order. If, after the anxiety and sorrow of her woman's life, Mary's return to Cadiz by way of fashioning a hooked rug seems inadequate, one can think twice and see it as really tragic. The research necessary to the material is not quite melted up; the writing is sound, without originality or illumination.

"Never Any More" might be a boarding-school story in spite of its seductions and its unhappiness. Although Nancy Hale keeps up a clever fidelity to her types, her three girls have surface only. Victims of a sentimental idea, they come to Heaven's Gate Island, off the coast of Maine, to spend a summer month as their mothers had done in times past. They are chaperoned by the same governess who tended Harriet's mother in girlhood. Harriet is rated a prim dillard by her two guests, avid violent girls who ruthlessly persecute her. Diane goes so far as to seduce her lover, being restless with certain worries as to the fruits of a recent past

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indiscretion, and wanting to feed her vanity. Yet it is Harriet who is revealed as truly feeling. "Those others," thinks the chaperon, leaving the island with Harriet's unconscious body beside her in the boat, "who changed sides constantly, without loyalty, had the girl beaten from the start. For her there was only one way to be: herself, stretched along a form of idealism." She is not worried about leaving the other two alone. "They had themselves at heart." Harriet resembles Henry James's Catherine of "Washington Square"; it is a pity the outlines are not filled in. The prologue is insufficient in its easy explanation of Boston men.

In "The Cold Journey" Mrs. Stone follows a group of Puritans from the French and Indian raid at Redfield (Deerfield) through the march to Canada in the silence and painful cold of those vast early forests, and their scattering in Quebec, with its attractions of Catholicism dangerous to their hard faith. The horrors of colonial life among the savages are not told in laborious catalogue but disposed of with the same swift motion in which they happened. "The dog with the ax in his head had looked wild and pleased." Mrs. Stone has imagination enough to revive history without revealing the strain of research, and on the other hand, without taking undue liberties.

When the captives are redeemed, their return to their home is by no means triumphant, for "what each one had done, had endured and lost seemed too much to have lived through for so meager a thing." Yet they dutifully sing the hymn of thanksgiving, and the hares and foxes hearing the sound peer out at them as they pass. At the start is a taint of pedantry; this aspect gives way immediately to a narrative not quite full-blooded but livened with an excellent sketchy irony. Among these four novels by American women, "The Cold Journey" is the most patrician, a production finished and sure. HAZEL HAWTHORNE.

Artist in Psychotherapy

The Organism of the Mind, by Gustav Richard Heyer. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 284 pages. \$3.50.

WRITTEN by a physician and designed primarily for physicians, this book attempts to synthesize the conflicting schools of modern psychotherapy. Heyer very convincingly points out the defects of one-sidedness in the various theories, but instead of rejecting them, he assigns to each its own domain, a "cycle" of the organism, or a particular phase in the development of the personality. Thus, hypnotism and suggestion will prove effective in many organ neuroses expressing a disturbance of what the author calls the "vegetative cycle of nutrition," while a more analytical approach, like Adler's individual psychology or Freud's psychoanalysis, is necessary in more complicated cases or when dealing with patients of a higher mental level. This eclecticism is in accordance with everyday practice in the hospitals, but Heyer, by dividing the human organism into cycles and by analyzing the evolution of the mind, attempts to justify it in theory.

However, the art of suppressing neurotic symptoms is not all of psychotherapy. This science also explains the origin of mental disease, thus intruding upon the domain of a general psychology; and it must even go farther, because the obviously important question, What is a "normal" mind? cannot be answered without a philosophical analysis going far beyond clinical experience. The still widespread confusion between the "normal" and the "average" is re-

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sponsible for many a ridiculous exaggeration. Even Freud and Adler are guilty of trying to "reduce" genius to a form of neurosis.

One of Heyer's merits is to have acknowledged clearly the philosophic implications of psychotherapy. His psychology is built upon a general philosophy of life. But at the same time it is Heyer's weakness to have chosen a particularly easy philosophy which, though it contributes to the popularity of his book, decreases considerably its scientific value.

Heyer follows the German spiritualistic trend represented by Frobenius, Spengler, Scheler and Jung. No objection can be brought against the general postulates of this school—the unity of mind and body and the universal identity of all life. But instead of applying a scientific method of discovering and expressing rationally the relations between mind and body, this fashionable theory takes for granted that materialism is obsolete (incidentally forgetting that the unity of mind and body is a strictly materialist theory), abandons all rational explanation, dwells upon easy metaphors, exalts the "poetic" intuition and seeks religious solutions. In psychotherapy the obvious drawback of the easy intuitive "method" is—and this can be seen in Heyer's book—the complete underestimation of social factors in psychic disease, and a theory of personality—the ideal man who is an extrovert during the first half of his life and an introvert during the second half—which not only takes no account of the economic realities in our existence, but has no meaning whatsoever outside a small leisure class.

But in the actual state of psychotherapy it would be unfair to demand that its practitioners possess a deep knowledge of the cultural and social aspects of life. More than other branches of medicine, psychotherapy is still an art—and from the "artistic" standpoint Heyer's book is excellent. It is full of brilliant observations, it constantly reminds the therapist that his personality is more important than the accuracy of his methods, that the human soul is not a mechanical device and that he must be very skeptical toward all theories. He must be particularly skeptical toward Heyer's own metaphors; his art may be useful, but his aim should be to give it a solid scientific foundation.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

Books in Brief

Ladies and Gentlemen, by Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 315 pages. \$2.50.

IN A PROLOGUE, a Palinode and twenty specific letters, Branch Cabell tells such personages as Penelope, Tutankhamen, Jonah, Hamlet, Richard Cabell (of Buckfastleigh, Devon, Armiger, Lord of the Manor of Brooke), Pocahontas (Madame my cousin), John Wilkes Booth (whose signed *carte de visite* photograph grandmother Branch treasured), Edgar Allan Poe (whose six-mile swim in the James River was accompanied by grandfather Cabell in a rowboat), and a certain notoriously misunderstood pawnbroker—he tells all of them the quaint notions that people nowadays entertain concerning them. He also tells them what Branch Cabell, himself, thinks of them and of a great many other things, besides—the sorry state of letters in America, the comfortable compensations of unromantic middle age, the magical "deep wisdom" of wives, the "ruinous" effect of "organized patriotism" upon "the disposition, the candor, and the figure, of most women," and the practical outcome of that queer philosophy, quite incomprehensible to a descendant of both the Branches and the Cabells.

of Richmond in Virginia, called democracy. This is the most ambitious Cabell work since the James was deleted from before the Branch. And it displays at great length the peculiar Cabellian talent for toying so prettily with words that the shred of an idea they express seems almost to become a profound thought. But in the present book the device makes for thin and not especially entertaining reading.

G. A.

Liszt, by Sacheverell Sitwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 438 pages. \$4.

There is need of a biography of Liszt freshly derived from original source material, which will substitute a picture of Liszt as he was for the idealized figure of him that biographies have gotten from one another, and ultimately from the official biography. Mr. Sitwell has not satisfied this need. His picture of Liszt is the accepted legendary one; and the virtue of his biography is its good writing. The book is also very handsome and well illustrated.

B. H. H.

Exploring the Upper Atmosphere, by Dorothy Fisk. With an Introduction by Henry Leopold Brose. New York: Oxford University Press. 166 pages. \$1.75.

An extraordinary amount of sound information has been packed into this small book, which deals with the earth's 140-mile, multi-layered atmospheric blanket. Miss Fisk writes intentionally for the layman who has little physics and less mathematics but, as she takes both subject and reader seriously, the result justifies the praise accorded by Dr. Brose in his more technical introduction. Balloon explorations, ending with the adventures of Picard and Settle; the strange properties of the troposphere, stratosphere, Kennelly-Heaviside and Appleton layers; light, sound and cosmic radiation; radio waves, projectiles and polar lights—concerning these, and many other phenomena caused by or dependent upon our atmosphere, the reader will learn from Miss Fisk's account much that he has long wanted to know.

H. W.

Dynamic Social Research, by John J. Hader and Eduard C. Lindeman. International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 241 pages. \$3.50.

A discourse on method that will be of good value to workers in the field of social research. The authors base their statements "upon the assumption that fact-finding should lead to action"; and they give as their major premise: "Meaningful social action based upon knowledge will follow when social research is founded upon an inclusive epistemology and an experimental logic, that is, when its facts fall into a relativistic scale which bears some resemblance to life itself." Using a study of company unions as their text, they lay out a sample procedure for the research worker, with constant reference to the broader issues that lie behind the business of "fact-finding." Strongly pragmatic in their approach, they stress the subjective factors involved in observation and evaluation—and anyone who has examined a typical survey must recognize the importance of their admonitions to students who would prepare themselves against the vagaries lurking in most "fact-finding, fact-eliciting and fact-discovering" ventures. The book is a methodology for school use, and not a weapon of apology or indictment in the current struggles about the company union. It serves especially well to combat the naïve pretences of objectivity and disinterestedness that mar so many

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surveys; and it plots a variety of techniques to serve in research as a check upon one another. A more advanced way of covering the same general field is to be found in Lindeman's earlier volume, "Social Discovery." K. B.

Omar Khayyam, by Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 320 pages. \$3.

A synthetic tale of Omar, scholar and poet who, through a jest taken as true prophecy, came to be astronomer to Sultan Malikshah, corrected the calendar, discovered the motion of the earth, witnessed the bloody rites of the Hashishin and escaped from them, lived for science in the midst of an intrigue-ridden world and solaced himself with the loves of Chloe, Yasmi and Ayesha. As he mused upon life and death he frequently quoted from his own poems, though unfortunately not in the Fitzgerald version. At last he was tried for heresy, his magnificent observatory, his precious instruments and manuscript were burned. It was then he took the daughter of the vine for bride and eventually sent himself into the invisible never to return. Cardboard sets, property glamor and half-historic supers fail to give life to this tale about a man of whom almost nothing authentic is known and who is here convincing neither as a historic nor as a romantic figure. C. G. S.

The Modern Muse: Poems of Today, British and American, compiled by the English Association. New York: Oxford University Press. 274 pages. \$2.

"Modern" is misleading. The more recent tendencies are not represented. A few fine poems but, in general, the better poets are illustrated by their worse productions.

C. G. S.

Contributors

A. J. MUSTE is chairman of the American Workers' Party, which is now engaged in merger negotiations with the Communist League of America (Trotskyist).

HILDEGARDE FLANNER, a resident of California, is the author of "Time's Profile," a book of verse. She lectures on modern poetry in California and Mexico.

WARREN G. MOULTON is identified by the footnote to his article.

ALAN PORTER is a member of the faculty of Vassar College.

PETER BLUME, a painter born in 1906, is the youngest American who has ever received a first prize at the Carnegie International Exhibition. The award made last week to his large canvas, "South of Scranton," has already aroused a hot controversy. In 1932 Mr. Blume was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for study in Italy.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, head of the Department of Sociology at New York University, was one of the organizers of the Population Association of America. He is the author of "General Sociology," recently published, and is now at work on a year-book based on journalistic materials to be published shortly under the title "Survey of Contemporary Sociology."

HERMAN SIMPSON, a student of Marxist theory, was an editor of The New York Call.

HAZEL HAWTHORNE is the author of many short stories and of "Salt House," a novel. She has contributed to "The American Caravan" and to Hound and Horn and other magazines.

NORBERT GUTERMAN is an editor of Avant Poste, a French critical review. He studied philosophy and psychology at the Sorbonne under Janet and Dumas.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Grace Adams, B. H. Haggin, Harold Ward, Kenneth Burke and Clara G. Stillman.

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